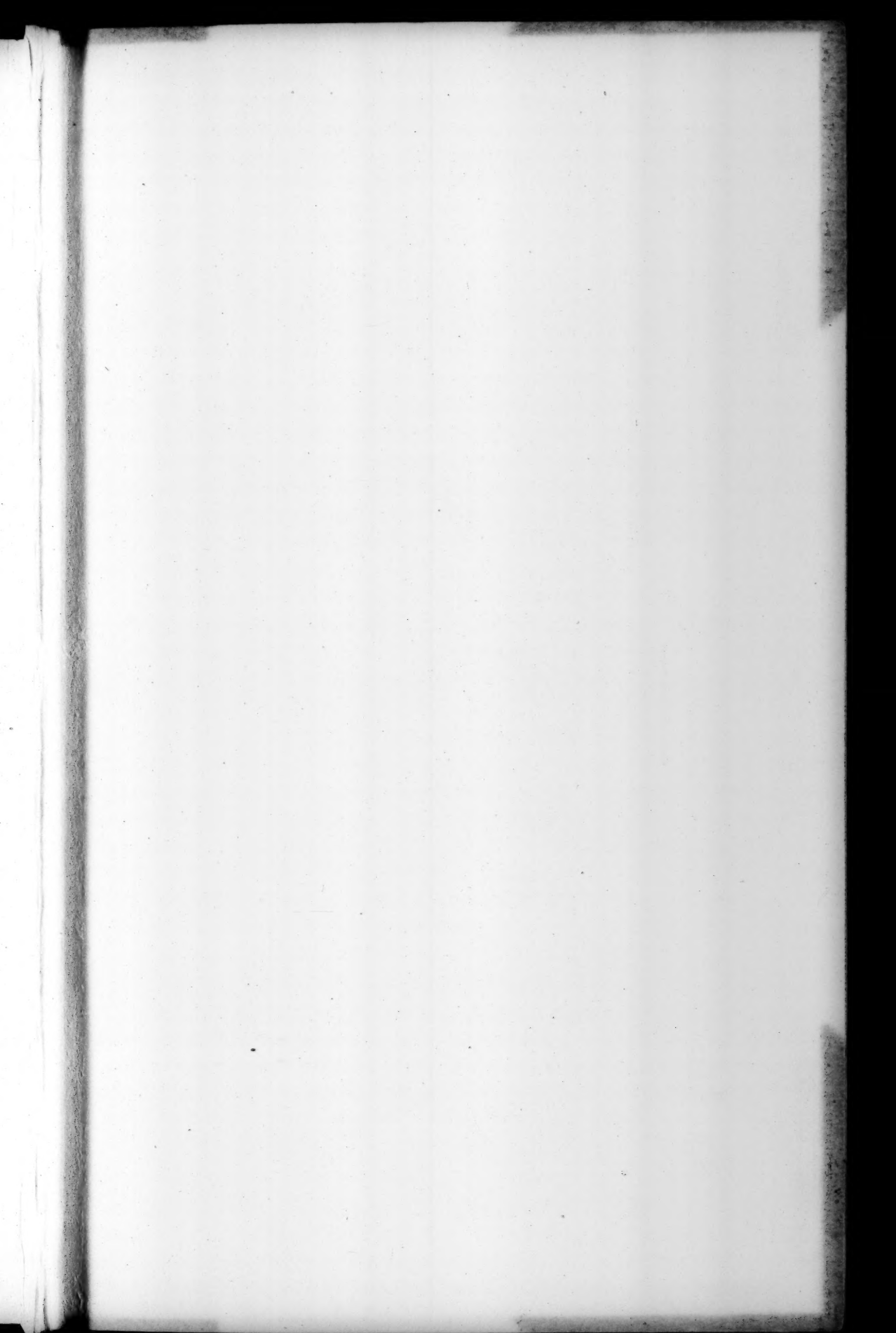




George Rother



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HERMSPRONG; *K*

OR,

MAN AS HE IS NOT.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MAN AS HE IS.

Nescis, infane, nescis, quantas vires virtus habeat. Quam illa
ardentes amores excitaret sui, si videretur.

Maxima autem culpa in eo est, qui, et veritatem aspernatur et
in fraudem obsequio impellitur.

Assentatio vitiorum adjutrix, procul amoveatur; quæ, non
modo amico, sed ne libero quidem digna est.

VOL. I.

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AND J. RICE.

1796.



Annals of the

HERMSPRONG.

C H A P. I.

IF human nature be always the same, it cannot have changed much since Mr. Addison's time; and there may be still readers who will peruse a book with more satisfaction, when they know something of its author. The question now, perhaps, would not be so much, whether he is tall or short, round faced or long; as, How does he dress? Is he a person of any fashion? What his rank? What his condition? But before I reply to these interrogatories, I must answer another species of curiosity, which may, especially after perusal, arise in the minds of some readers: Why did he write at all?

VOL. I.

B

Not

Not for fame, certainly: No, not for fame; not to instruct the good people of England; for wisdom there is in its greatest perfection; nor is it my intention to make my readers laugh,—for these are serious times; nor weep,—for I must first weep myself, as Horace says, and Melpomene is not my favourite muse; in short, I am not determined to write by any of the reasons which authors usually chuse to assign. My motive is of tolerable universality notwithstanding. Not that I want money neither; but I see those who do,—beggars of princely denomination—on thrones—on wooden legs.

Events have happened in the village which I inhabit, not known to the universe. They relate but little to myself; but that is not my fault: Had I been any thing but what I am, I would have chosen to be the principal actor. But who would change an iota of himself? Before I begin a recital of these events, I will reply to the first class of questions, by a full and true account of my birth, parentage, and education.

But why do I talk of parentage? alas! I am the son of nobody. I was, indeed, begotten by my valiant father, Gregory Grooby, Esq. upon the body of my chaste mother, Ellen Glen. I cannot be so exact, as to the time, as was the lovely Countess of Pembroke; but it was a clandestine act, for which
my

my valiant father had no canonical warrant ; and for which I am to be punished with all the disabilities the prudence of our laws can provide.

There may be, especially among my fair readers, some who may object to the epithet which I have given my mother ; and others may suspect that of my father not applied with the most perfect propriety : But once for all, I beg leave to give this public information : I am a person infinitely nice in matters of epithet ; and that I never permit an improper one to descend from my pen, or my tongue, unless I am writing a dedication, or addressing a lord or a lady, or unless I am making love.

My mother was a blooming girl, brought up in a cottage, and knew nothing but innocence and spinning, till my valiant father undertook to be her preceptor. My maternal ancestors had, I suppose, few records, but many traditions ; one of which is, that my chaste mother defended the citadel of her honour all the preceding summer, and had surrendered at the close of it, subdued by a too tender heart, and a flowered cotton gown. On the twentieth day of her lying in, she died of kindness and caudle. The young Squire had sent in a profusion of the latter, and the neighbours supplied the former ; for though the matter was rather a lapse of chas-

tity, or, as they call it, a mishap, yet, considering it was a gentleman's child, there was not much harm done.

My valiant father, in the very month in which my chaste mother died, had arrived at twenty-one. His father had lain two years in the family vault. His estate was 2000*l.* a year. He had a pack of excellent harriers; his springing spaniels were staunch; his greyhounds the fleetest in Devonshire; his cellars were filled with Otober and Port; and he might have been pronounced a happy man, had the dowager lady possessed a taste as rural as his own; but they disagreed in so many points, that my father, one day, an hour after dinner, signified to her, with abundance of valour, that he should be happy to pay her a visit at her jointure house.

My father must have had no small quantity of tenderness for my mother, for he remembered her several months. His housekeeper, his butler, and his coachman, were ordered to become sponsors for my faith. He kindly allowed them to give me his own Christian name; and, finally, ordered three shillings a week to be paid my great grandmother, for my maintenance, and two pounds of the best shag, per annum, by way of super-remuneration.

But, alas! the old lady was almost eighty, and almost blind, and as soon as she had nursed

nursed me into rickets, withdrew from the world, and left me to the care of a great aunt, a labourer's wife, stout and hearty; under whose care I throve well, till I was ten years old. Her husband dying she was driven by the humanity of our poor laws to a very distant parish, and I was transferred to the care of Goody Peat, from whose hands I received victuals not too abundant; but accompanied with abundant thumps, to facilitate digestion; and pious wishes, that every mouthful might choak me. Under her care I grew lean apace, and might soon have been settled, to the satisfaction of my valiant father, to whom I was now becoming troublesome, had it not been for a meddling parson, who knew something of law, and something of gospel; and who did not find that murder even of a bastard, was sanctified by either.

The doers of good in our parish, and perhaps in others, might have been divided into three classes: Those who do it for pity or for piety; those who do it for the sake of the report; and those who never do it at all. This latter class was said to be far the most numerous; but this I take to be the *scandalum humani generis*, and as deserving of the pillory as the *scandalum magnatum*, at least. At the head of the second class stood my father's house; the first, far from branching out into *genera* and *species*, consisted of a single individual, namely, Parson Brown himself.

Mr. Brown was too respectable a man, too much beloved by his parish, and too able to divide it even against the Squire himself, to be quite overlooked at the hall. He was a cheerful companion also ; and as he never assumed any learned airs, my valiant father was well enough pleased, upon a rainy day, to have him the companion of his pipe.

One dull day they were thus employed, when Mr. Brown, glad to embrace the opportunity, said, "I fear that sweet boy, little Greg. Glen, is not in good hands."

My valiant father had been married two years ; and having begun to make boys and girls canonically, did not like to hear of any thing done in that way before the consecrated Era. He made, therefore, some slight answer, which rather irritated the parson, who being, upon proper occasions, a determined speaker, said, that when people took the trouble to beget children, they ought to take the trouble to provide for them.

To this the Squire answered, "He thought he had not been deficient in that duty : Ten pounds a year was a sufficient allowance for the maintenance of a bastard."

The parson's face kindled at this expression : He told the Squire it was harsh, it was unnatural, it was inhuman. My valiant father now felt his own anger rise. On such occasions he swore. He met the parson's re-
proof

proof for that indecency also; and, in short, they became so loud, that Mrs. Grooby, a most respectable woman, who heard the altercation, but knew not the cause, thought it necessary to interfere by her presence.

On her entrance, my father found his rage subside in a moment; Mr. Brown ceased, from a motive of politeness; and to the lady's question, the Squire answered, "Pshaw!—nothing—nonsense—politics."

Mrs. Grooby retired, saying it was a privileged subject for anger. And yet, she added, I wonder it has not been yet fully felt, that anger renders all argument useless, for in that state of the mind, truth can neither be discovered nor perceived.

Mr. Brown felt the force of this observation; and the obvious inference was, that he was not taking the right way to the object he had in view. No; irritation was not the right way. Adulation,—but that he hated adulation,—was a surer method; and it could not be sinful,—not very sinful; if it were would so many of his worthy brethren make it the common path to a benefice, or to a mitre.

This mental soliloquy passed pretty rapidly on. At the end of it, Mr. Brown, in a softened tone of voice, said, "No, Mr. Grooby, no, you cannot think of making him a barber,—(for such a hint my father

had dropt)—no, you cannot,—I know your generous temper is above that. He is the prettiest boy in the parish, and resembles you so perfectly, that people would be apt to think you used him hardly. Barber's shops, you know are receptacles of scandal."

"What the devil would you have me do with him," asked my father, "make him a parson?"

"Yes," Mr. Brown replied; "yes, Mr. Grooby, I think I would: It is an excellent thought; it may be inspiration, for any thing I know. I am positive the boy has genius. If you bring him up to the church, you may give him this living; I will engage to resign whenever he claims."

"This living!" said my valiant father, and he swore too, the better to express his surprise at so extravagant a demand; "no, master parson, I'll have no bastard of mine spitting fire and brimstone at me from the pulpit. No, parson, that's too much. And the consistency! He must not be a barber, because of the prate; and yet you would stick up his damned handsome face, so like my own, as you are pleased to say, in a pulpit, as a perpetual memento of my youthful indiscretions."

Mr. Brown did not gain much upon my father in this conversation; but as no time was to be lost, he sought opportunities of renewing

newing it; and at length peace was concluded on the following conditions; that I should be consigned over to Mr. Brown, do with me what he pleased, except making me a parson; that during Mr. Brown's life, he should receive 50l. per annum for my board and education; and that when he died, I should have an annuity, secured on land, of 80l. per annum, provided I left Patten-place, and did not presume to settle within forty miles of my father's residence.

In his youth, Mr. Brown had been upon the point of marriage. The lady died; and he could never replace her to his satisfaction. He was a bachelor, therefore, and considering me as deodand, took me home, and became my preceptor. Mr. Brown was not a profound scholar; but he knew something of every thing. I was taught a little Latin, a little mathematics, some botany, a sprinkling of chemistry, a portion of theology, with some history; and the belles lettres came as they could.

I was yet in my seventeenth year, when Mr. Brown's only brother, a mercer, in Exeter, died. He was supposed to be rich; and might have been so, but that his wife preferred, as ladies are oft inclined to do, gentility to accumulation. She died a year before her husband, leaving one child only, a daughter, imbued with her precepts, and

possessed of her inclinations. Soon after her father's death, this young lady came to her uncle's to reside; and brought with her a pretty face, soft melting eyes, and a heart that—but for her looking glass—must have burst with grief.

For she had lost not a father only, but a fortune; and with it two affluent lovers, each capable of keeping her a coach. No event is better calculated to shew young ladies the sordid nature of man. When I have enumerated her accomplishments, who would believe, that a diminution of a single cypher in her fortune—a simple taking away of 0 from 5000l.—should change the hearts of men.

Brought up under a careful mother, who considered the embellishments of person, as the first great duty of woman, Miss Brown learned to dress with the most enchanting elegance, and to animate a pale cheek with the milk of roses. Nor was her mind neglected: No,—it was adorned with all the literature which this learned age has produced for the service of the ladies. To the novels of the present day were added the *Cliffandras* and *Cleopatras*,—the classics of a century or two preceding: Besides this, she was no small proficient in music; and could actually perform several songs upon the piano forte, very much to the envy of her

her less accomplished companions. And must money be added to all this? Heavens! what things are men.

See then this charmer transported to Patten-place, where there was nobody to charm. She wept; it would have softened a tyger---and I was not a tyger; but I was a child, and wholly incapable of giving her the consolation she wanted. At length, indeed, I was permitted to seek crow-quills for her piano forte, when her grief was softened by time. At length she accepted from my hands drawings, to work in gauze; and to complete my felicity, I was allowed to read the sublime Cassandra to her, while she worked in the summer evenings, in a little alcove, at the bottom of the garden. What draughts of love I drank! who, that had seen the soft languish of her eyes, whilst I read the sublime meltings of the soul of Oroondates? who would not have thought she had drank too?

All at once, toward the close of the year, this delirium of bliss was dissolved by an event so extraordinary---so unexpected,---so impossible,---that, in short, my fair Statira was ravished from my longing eyes, by a young hero, who measured cloth in a neighbouring town. This unheard of injustice inspired me with the very soul of Artaxerxes; and I determined to pursue the detested ravisher

visher to the extremities of the earth. It was necessary, however, to provide arms for this heroic enterprise; and I had no money. The question too, whether my princess might not have been carried away by her own consent, would sometimes arise. It occurred to me, that whenever the cloth-merchant came, they were shut up in the parlour together; and I began to doubt, whether this circumstance arose, as I had hitherto supposed, solely from the difficulty the young lady found in chusing amongst the many patterns of elegance, which, I concluded, he came to offer to her acceptance.

If this were so, what had I to do with vengeance? Nothing. But what,---since I had lost all that made it desirable,---what had I to do with life? A noble disdain of this trivial thing, called existence, took possession of me: I resolved to lay the burthen down; and was only perplexed by the mode: I knew that pistols were the fashionable instruments, but I had them not; my heroic soul disdained a halter; the brook, which ran irriguous thro' the vale of Patten-place, was a pitiful brook; it would have disgraced my cause to have been found in it; so, as it was not more than twenty miles distant, I resolved to throw myself into the ocean.

This magnanimous exploit was no sooner determined upon, than I became all eagerness.

ness for the execution. I set out the next morning, and as I walked with anger, I walked with speed. My valiant heart would scarce submit to the calls of hunger, which were strong and importunate. I had in my pocket three shillings and one penny; and becoming rather faint, I yielded to the invitation of our holy champion, St. George, who was slaying the dragon at the door of a decent fabric.

I did not at this time know the turpitude of the crime I was going to commit; I did not know it was murder, and of all murders the most flagitious. I might kill another man, and repent; but I could not repent of killing myself; nor could God ever forgive me for rushing into his sacred presence without a passport.

All this I did not then know; I only knew how Cato, how Brutus, how Sappho died, and thought I was going to be great like them. Yet I had not totally forgot Mr. Brown; and toward the end of my walk, I did shed a few unheroic tears, at the thoughts of parting with him for ever, and determined to take a grateful farewell by letter, that I might not add suspense to the distress with which I was going to afflict him.

This letter was written whilst my hostess of the George was preparing the last meal I ever was to eat. It was a pathetic story of my sufferings, and of my resolution to end them.

It

It said, "Who would groan, and bear the pangs of despised love?" and it finished with a farewell, as sad as I could find words to make it. This letter I sealed and directed; then put it in my pocket, with an intention to drop it into the post-office, at Lime, through which the road to heaven, I had made choice of, lay.

Dorchester beer was written in large characters over the door of the house. I ordered a tankard; and being thirsty with my walk, took off half at my first draught. I felt myself and my courage both much strengthened by the operation; and I continued it till I had swallowed three tankards. Thus armed, I paid my reckoning with great liberality, resumed my walk, and my purpose; and am of opinion, could I have reached the sea, nothing would have prevented my plunging headlong in—but the sight of it. But to my longing eyes this sight was denied.

In the remembrance of what passed this important day I have very much failed: I know only that I waked from sleep, and found myself on a bed, in a strange room, with an elderly woman sitting by the side of it.

I was seized, on my waking, with a violent sickness; a medical gentleman came to my relief, but did not relieve me; and a certain Mrs. Garnet stood by me, with pity in her looks. In time the fit abated; the man
of

of medicine gave me a composing draught; and I was put to bed. I slept much and long, and awaked with no complaint but the head-ach, and a degree of nausea.

Invited to the breakfast table of Mrs. Garnet, I went down with great confusion of face; for I had eat of the tree of knowledge, and was ashamed. My confusion was not much abated by the presence of a young lady, who could not compose her muscles to a proper expression of gravity during my examination, which was entered upon very politely, but rather too soon, by Mrs. Garnet.

Her very first question was embarrassing. "May I be permitted, young gentleman, to enquire your name?"

I blushed; I thought of my valiant father; the name of Grooby was in my head, but timidity was at my heart, and I answered, stammeringly, Gregory Glen.

"Have you parents living?"

This was still worse; I blushed my deepest dye, though I never could well tell at what; and with some hesitation I answered, "No."

"Relations, Sir?"

"No, madam; I am under the care of the Reverend Mr. Brown of Patten-place."

"O! I have heard of him, and probably of you, Sir. Business I presume, brought you to Lime?"

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Worse and worse ! I thought Mrs. Garnet very disagreeable and the young lady very impertinent, for she broke into a titter at the question ; indeed Mrs. Garnet reproved her, and said very kindly to me, " Do not let us distress you, young gentleman ; I have no motive for this enquiry but your good."

I had hung down my head at the lady's last question, determined upon a sort of sullen silence ; but the tone of her voice raised my eyes up to her face, and I saw in it nothing but benignity. I was emboldened by it, and said, I must own, in a perplexed strain of eloquence, " I fear, madam,---I am afraid I have been very troublesome ; but indeed---indeed madam,---it is the first time---and I hope I shall never repeat it."

" I hope so too," she answered. " You fell into bad company ?"

" No, madam ; I have not so good an excuse."

" It must be some extraordinary motive, Sir, that could induce you to commit such an excess alone ; but you seem an extraordinary young gentleman. May I without rudeness again ask the nature of your business here ?"

" Business ! madam,---I can't say I have business. To be sure I had an intent---a design---"

The young lady strove not to laugh.

" Yes," Mrs. Garnet answered, " you had
an

an intent ; a strange, presumptuous, and permit me to say, wicked intent."

She then read me a long lecture on the subject of suicide ; and I was astonished to find all the torments of the damned would have been my portion, for considering my life as my own property, and throwing it away, when I was weary of it.

Mrs. Garnet having concluded, Miss Bently said, with as much gravity as her roguish face could assume, "Madam, your reprehension has been too severe. You have not fully considered the importance of the cause. Do you reflect that it is love, Madam? Love which excuses, nay sanctifies, all mad actions. Besides, the lover's leap is now so rare an occurrence, it must immortalize the man who jumps. Perhaps Mr. Glen thought of this?"

Mrs. Garnet, without noticing Miss Bently's raillery, continued thus: When we feared your life was in danger, we searched for your pocket book, that we might know whence you came, and advertise your friends. We found a letter to Mr. Brown ; and this informed us of your purpose and its cause. I hope you now see your error?"

"Oh dear!" cries Miss Bently; "but I hope love is a better counsellor. The torch of true love is almost extinct among our present race of beaux. It wants kindling at the altar

altar of Sappho. I hope Mr. Glen will not think of relinquishing his charming design. To be sure I do not like death in any shape; but in a cause so important, I really think I could attend Mr. Glen, and even give him a push if I saw his courage fail."

I ventured now for the first time, to look upin the face of the lady who was giving me this hopeful advice. It was a lovely face; had archness in its expression, but not ill-nature; and I ventured to say, "She could not, for her heart, push me on with half the force her eyes would pull me back."

"Oh! for certain," says she, "I know my eyes have prodigious power to pull; they pulled you over a stile yesterday, with such force, we feared you had broke your bones. Do you remember running or rather staggering after a young woman whom you called your Statira. I was your Statira; I ran, however from my Oroondates, and clambered over the stile as fast as possible. So, indeed, did you. I looked back, as Daphne did at Apollo; but my Apollo was now a dull mass of earth. I feared the spirit might have taken its flight to Olympus; so I ran to acquaint Mrs. Garnet—and——"

How long Miss Bently would have persisted in this lively persecution, or how many gods and heroes she would have called to her aid, I know not. She was interrupted by

by a servant announcing Mr. Brown. It was my revered patron, to whom Mrs. Garnet had wrote the evening before.

To relate the remaining minutia of this affair would be equally tedious and useless. Mr. Brown's reprehension was at once kind and severe. He used arguments to cure my folly; Miss Bently,—eyes. Which had the greatest effect, I dare not pronounce; but I was cured.

This affair laid the foundation of a friendship betwixt Mrs. Garnet and Mr. Brown. It was supported by kind offices and reciprocal visits. I availed myself often of it; nay even drank again of the cup of love. I did not, however, get drunk again, nor apply to the ocean for relief, when my dear Miss Bently gave her hand to a merchant of Lime: It was a mania of another kind which seized my unhappy brain: I thought God had forsaken me. This pious error produced a vast variety of silly delusions, and cost Mr. Brown abundant trouble to eradicate.

It had, before these events, been frequently debated to what art, mystery, trade, or profession, I should apply, in order to acquire some property I might call my own. Mr. Brown and myself were agreed on the propriety of such a measure, but never on the means. When I had recovered from my late pious disease, my friend was advancing
very

very fast in infirmity. He seemed to love me more, for the trouble I had occasioned him: He seemed to lean upon me for all the remaining comfort of his life. I would not now have left him for any prospect of fortune; at least, I hope not; for I must own I never was assailed by the temptation.

It was in the sixth year of that era, which I must always consider as the epocha of my folly, that I lost my benefactor. How grateful to me is his remembrance! His niece was, as she ought to be, the heiress of his property, except his books, and the sum of 200*l.* which he bequeathed to me.

I was now, by condition, to migrate, or forfeit my father's settlement. "The world was all before me, where to fix my place of rest;" so I fixed it in London; not doubting, that in so universal a market for talents, mine also would find their value. I had a recommendation, from a friend of Mrs. Garnet's, to a city acquaintance; who introduced me into genteel company. I was also admitted into a counting-house; a fortnight's occupation of which convinced me that my genius was not the genius of multiplication and division. I next got an introduction to a club of literati. I drank of the waters of Helicon, and produced some pieces of poetry which I thought sublime. I could not bring the booksellers to a coincidence with
this

this opinion ; and their impertinent requisitions of improvement soon rendered their society inconvenient to my feelings.

Instead of an opening for the exercise of my talents, I found one in my purse, through which had flowed, in eight little months, the sum total of my legacy : Such is the force of genteel company, genteel cloaths, and genteel reckonings. I correct myself. I had saved 50l. out of this sum, by laying it out in books, music, and mathematical instruments.

It was, however, no unfavourable circumstance, that as my purse declined, I began to call the amusements of London frivolous, and when it was exhausted, I said they were contemptible. *O rus! quando te ego aspiciam*, was oft upon my lips ; and I read Thomson's seasons by way of corroborant. Yet, though I sighed for the country, and detested, or said I detested the town, it was not without some violence that I prevailed upon my legs to carry me over Westminster-Bridge, one fine morning in May. As I advanced, I congratulated myself on my escape ; looked back and sighed ; saw St. Paul's towering with majestic grandeur ; became sensible I had not sufficiently examined that superb edifice ; walked one hundred yards towards it ; felt in my pockets ; called the town a sink of iniquity ; turned again, and trod, with angry strides, the road to Exeter. At

At Exeter lived the banker to whom I was to apply for my annuity. Half a year was due. Thus recruited, I went forward to see, and take leave of my kind Mrs. Garnet; for Lime was within the forbidden precincts. Alas! I saw her not: A fatal accident had involved her in the greatest grief: A vessel of Mr. Garnet's, returning from Jamaica, was wrecked on the Scilly Islands, himself on board. All was lost: No life spared,—no part of the cargo recovered. I heard, however, she was surrounded by friends; and as I was every way unable to assist her, I willingly spared to her, and to myself, the addition of grief which an interview would have produced.

This good woman had often spoke with pleasure of the village of Grondale, on the borders of Cornwall. It was her native place. I had long desired to see it; and if it answered Mrs. Garnet's description, I thought it would suit my taste as a residence. With this intention I proceeded.

Just on this side the village, I crossed a widely extended heath, called Lippen-moor. Rude, rocky, craggy, and furnishing only a fine short grass to a small number of sheep. On the edge of this moor, I was struck with a prospect the most beautiful I thought I had ever seen. It was a narrow, but fertile valley, watered by the small river Gron. The
opposite

opposite bank was a gentle declivity, on which were to be seen six villages or hamlets, many agreeable houses, with woods, corn-fields, and pasture. This was a varied view of several miles in length.

Just under my feet, at the bottom of the valley, was the small clean village of Grondale, with its spire in the centre, almost hid by the lofty elms, and orchard trees, which contributed to form the singular beauty of this little spot. Up the Gron, on the right, stand the ruins of a convent, many centuries the domicile of a succession of holy drones, who buzzed about, sucked the fairest flowers of the vale, and stung where they could extract no honey.

Above this ruin, on the summit of a hill, are the remains of the Castle of Grondale. One tower is left, and enough of the battlements to shew how savage a grandeur once fortified its own tyranny against the tyranny of others.

But the most pleasing of all the objects, now under my view, is a stately structure of the gothic kind, half modernized, once the seat of friendship and hospitality, — now of Lord Grondale.

When I had satiated myself with this delightful prospect, I descended to the village, where I found a spacious public house. Here I took up my abode a few days; every
one

one of which increased my inclination to become an inhabitant. Two agreeable apartments I found at the house of a respectable widow, where I have resided five years.

By the aid of philosophy, I have got rid of ambition; and may it please Venus, I hope also of love. I amuse myself sometimes with the Georgium Sidus, with my pen, my pencil, my fiddle; sometimes with shuttle-cocks and butterflies. I have nothing to do but what I like; and my principal embarrassment has been, to find what I liked to do.

But of myself I have spoken long enough; let me now speak of others; more particularly of those who have some connexion with those recent events which have induced me to write this veritable history.

CHAP. II.

OF the animated beings of the vale, high towers above the rest, in rank and wealth, the great Lord Grondale. Indeed he had been always super-eminent. In his younger years,

years, when only Sir Henry Campinet, he was a man of the very first ton : He acknowledged no superior in matters of gallantry ; and had not many in the two great trades carried on at Newmarket, and in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

This is a sober, a very sober age ; and yet men, even great men, contrive to procure themselves the drinking diseases of older times. Upon Sir Henry the gout had spent its force at the early age of forty ; and had left him a tolerable complication of diseases. On the approach to sixty, his present age, his once blooming complexion had been yellowed by jaundice, and his jolly person emaciated by some one or other of the marafmi.

His political career was short, and much *a-la-mode d'Angleterre*, in the 18th century. He began with opposition ; but his orations not being remarkable for brilliancy or depth, his ambition could not be decently supported by flattery ; and as there was no emolument, there was no stimulus for avarice. Some necessities arising, from want of success in commerce,—I mean the commerce of the great—induced him to turn his thoughts toward administration. There he was certain of reception, for he was admirably gifted. He was not addicted to scruples, and had, besides, several Cornish boroughs. He accepted an office ; was, like many of his

VOL. I. C prede-

predecessors, instantly illumined, and felt the error of his former perceptions.

But at court, they say, appetite grows by what it feeds on, till it becomes insatiable. Sir Henry asked, I suppose, and was denied; for there is a fatal necessity imposed upon ministers, of denying sometimes. He returned back to opposition; himself, indeed, despised by both parties, but not so his boroughs. At length the ministerial manager of that branch of traffic, bade him a barony for them; and Sir Henry Campinet was metamorphosed into Lord Grondale.

Whether this was done by writ, or by patent, I never enquired. It is sufficient for me to know, I mean by their effects on the fortunate few they light upon, that they are charming things both; that they raise man far above man, and nearer to the divinity, since kings have once more become divine; and enable him to look down on the lesser inhabitants of this best of worlds, with a due consciousness of his great superiority.

Lord Grondale had ran a long race of pleasure, and had begun to feel its pains and penalties, before he thought of an heir for his illustrious house. For this laudable purpose he made choice of the younger of two sister ladies; a lovely woman, and good as beautiful; with no great fortune, and still less of fashionable propensities. This lady

was

was mistress of Grondale Hall about eight years, and brought his lordship three children, all females; an affront Lord Grondale never could forgive. She died,—not quite of a broken heart, and not much indebted to Lord Grondale for kindness, one child only surviving her. It was her dying request to his lordship, that this daughter, Caroline, should be brought up by Mrs. Merrick, her sister, who, in order to be near Lady Grondale, had settled in a small, but elegant house in the parish of Grondale; almost the only one, not his lordship's property. This request his kind lordship was so good as to grant; with more pleasure to himself than he chose to shew externally; for it would render his freedom more perfect; and Grondale Hall might again become the summer seat of those pleasures which Bacchus, which Venus, which Mercury, are said to preside over, if Mercury be the deity of cards and dice.

But for the practice of this class of pleasures, London has such superior accommodation, that Lord Grondale was seldom at his country seat, till a long fit of gout, a consequent debility, and the advice of his physicians, sent, or more properly, exiled him thither. In a situation so forlorn, some men would have thought of a daughter, now growing into loveliness, for a companion;

and of Mrs. Merrick for the superintendence of his household. But this must suppose a vast change in his lordship's manner of thinking; and it was his body, not his mind, which had undergone the change. He fixed, therefore, upon a Mrs. Stone, an officer's widow, and a person of great merit, his lordship said; and who was so good as to condescend to take upon herself this heavy load of superintendence.

To this lady, the society of her own sex was insipid; and Grondale Hall was freed from the impertinent intrusion of dowager ladies, and ladies of rigid decorum. Instead of these, it received into its capacious bosom a few gentlemen of his lordship's acquaintance, who, when the town was empty, had the goodness to take their summer recreations at Grondale, and indulge his lordship with a taste of his once dear amusements.

C H A P. III.

THE next person upon the canvas, is Dr. Blick, rector of Grondale and Sithin; a man perfectly orthodox in matters of church and state, such as these bad times require; and, thank heaven, we have plenty of them. Dr. Blick's

Blick's merit was indeed great ; I cannot say it had been fully rewarded. Hitherto he had arisen in the church no higher than a poor canon, which, with the product of three livings ; for he had one in commendam, scarce produced him 1000l. a year. But if he joins to that merit, which now leads to honours, the agreeable art of assentation, no man knows to what dignities he may arise. Dr. Blick could not accuse himself of any neglect of this art, where the application might be useful ; more especially to his patron, Lord Grondale ; whose peculiar merit he conceived to be such, that even a bishopric, could he be induced to ask it for a friend, would scarce be refused him by administration. He was therefore much devoted to his lordship ; and, at his express desire, had qualified for a justice of peace ; in which capacity he had been of use to his lordship, in those little animosities which great men do admit to their bosoms on great occasions ; such as killing a hare or partridge without due qualification, or voting against a candidate whose cause they espouse.

There is a person—*vel hic vel hæc*—no matter,—who does me the favor to marshal my commas and colons,—regulate my ifs and ands,—and correct my errors of orthography ; who at this place surprised, and indeed vexed me, by a bolder criticism. So far, says my critic, you have amused your-

self with drawing characters; if that be the end and intention of your book, I have nothing more to say than to advise you to study brevity and Theophrastus. If your design be, as I understood it, to exhibit actions and events, I submit it to your superior judgment, if it might not be altogether as agreeable to your readers, to form for themselves the characters of your drama, from their good or evil deeds. Tell us what they do, and we shall be able to find out whether they were wise or foolish, rough or smooth, discreet or vain, or drunk or sober. To which I replied,—but whether by a kiss or a cuff, I am not at present disposed to say. It is sufficient to acknowledge, that the remark, when I had taken a proper time to digest it, had its weight, and determined me to come more immediately to the relation of those matters which induced me to add one more to the numerous list of authors.

CHAP. IV.

MRS. MERRICK, the maternal aunt of Miss Campinet, was a maiden lady, who
having

having in her youth been deserted by her lover for a richer woman, had ever since looked upon the dark side of man, shunned his intercourse, and almost secluded herself from society. Habit, and an unbounded affection for her aunt, who well deserved it, had rendered Miss Campinet as much a recluse as herself. To this young lady, therefore, books and music were necessities of life; to which she added drawing, and the various arts of the needle. Nature had been extremely indulgent to her, both in mind and person; if it is indulgence to give that dangerous thing called beauty, and that unprofitable quality benevolence.

Hitherto, indeed, her beauty had bloomed to the desert air; and her benevolence had been confined to the distressed and humble beings of the valley. The character of her dress, as it was little directed to the gratification of vanity, was elegant simplicity; a term, which with equal justice, might be applied to her mind.

Lord Grondale was not wholly ignorant that he had such a daughter; he even saw her sometimes; although there was, from some cause or other, a sort of repulsive power betwixt Mrs. Merrick and Mrs. Stone, which kept them from approaching each other. Miss Campinet's allowance, from her father, was 200l. per annum, for board

and all expences. From a man of Lord Grondale's fortune, it might have been more; but his lordship had now become avaritious, and did not, beside, like to hear of any charities but his own. Mrs. Merrick's household, formed upon the interest of 7000*l.* could not be large. Three female servants, two male, two horses, and a chair. The last, lately purchased, for the sake of frequent airings for Mrs. Merrick, now unhappily, in a declining state.

CHAP. V.

IT was a fine autumnal evening, when I, the humble writer of these memoirs, returning from an afternoon's visit to the curate of Sithin, saw a sort of wild disorder in the village of Grondale, which denoted something extraordinary. I made up to the first group, mostly women. One prayed, "The Lord have mercy upon us all."

"And keep us from harm," said another; "for without his care what are we?"

"Well," said a third, "we are all mortal, — all must die, — rich as well as poor, — all flesh is grass."

"But

"But such a good young body!" said a fourth; "we poor folk shall have a mortal miss of her: Ah, poor dear soul! we shall see her no more in a frosty morning, tripping along, to see if there was any coals to burn in the cottages, and any bread in the pantry;—but she was too good for this world."

"Pray," I asked, "who are you thus lamenting?"

"Oh dear, Mr. Glen, have not you heard?"

"No—nothing."

"Poor dear Miss Campinet!"

"What,—dead?"

"Dead! Lord help us! smashed to pieces down Lippen crag."

A cold rigor and trembling seized me; I grew sick apace; and hastening home, threw myself on my bed, in a state of mind I am utterly unable to describe.

Miss Campinet! one of the fairest,—but that may be disputed,—certainly one of the best of her endearing sex. I loved her!—yes, I loved her! But if there be a spiritual affection, such was mine. I thought of her, as of an angel whom I might secretly adore; not as of a woman whom I might presume to love. Admitted sometimes to her tea-table, I was treated with the most engaging affability; sometimes her almoner, I have been

obliged to repress her benevolence. With my violin, I have been permitted to accompany her at the piano forte. She has condescended to accept the loan of my books and music. I have been honoured with hers. But though thus affable, thus friendly, there was about her a dignified reserve,—a guarded propriety in her most engaging sweetness, that must have checked those vain and foolish ideas youth is so apt to form, had I been silly enough to have permitted an entrance to any such, within my bosom.

So should I have thought for ever of the amiable Miss Campinet, had this been really the fatal period of our acquaintance. But fame, as usual, had blown her trumpet with too loud a blast. Death had come near, too near, the lovely girl, but had not reached her: Down Lippen crag, she had not fallen, though within a few moments, in point of time; and a few yards, in point of space.

Without an engraving, I despair of making my readers understand the ensuing description; and the patrons of this humble sort of book-making, are not sufficiently liberal to enable a poor author to gratify his readers and himself in this particular. However, when the public ask a fourth edition, I will certainly give it, with a map, at my own expence.

Mrs. Merrick and her niece, returning
from

from their evening's airing, were pacing slowly along the edge of the moor, a thick coppice on their right, down a steep declivity, to the edge of the Gron; the servant following at some distance behind, on a young horse, but in a careless posture; when a gun was fired in the coppice, within ten yards of this horse's ear; at the same instant, a black spaniel, pursuing some birds, burst the coppice, barking just under his nose. The horse, in an instant, threw his rider, passes the chair horse, snorting, on full gallop; but, instead of turning down the oblique road to the village, kept strait forward, along the edge of the moor. The chair horse, regardless of the reins, sprung after his fellow with all his strength. This then was the situation of the ladies: On their right, the coppice continued; a rising, but uneven ground, on their left, leading to the top of the moor; in front, and at two hundred yards distance, Lippen Crag, a rock with a perpendicular descent to the Gron, and measuring one hundred and four yards from its surface.

A well dressed young man, whom I cannot now stay to describe, was at this instant on the verge of the crag, viewing the prospect. The saddle horse, unable to stop, had taken the leap, and was dashed to atoms. The young man saw the quick approach of the ladies in the chair to the same unavoidable

able destiny. If ever it is allowable in sound philosophy, to suppose providence directing the actions of individuals, one may suppose it now. Great, indeed, were the chances against finding any one upon this dreary spot, and infinite against finding a man, undaunted by danger, and capable of preserving his recollection at the moment of terrible surprise. Such, however, was the person before us: He saw the imminent instant; and running to meet the horse, placed himself on the lower side; then seizing the reins, as he passed, flew along with the wild creature, who could not be suddenly stopped, turned his head toward the rising ground; and about ten yards from the brink of the crag, had by strength and agility alone, changed his direction, and forced him upwards, till he had obtained ground on which the chair stood firm. As to the poor horse, trembling and exhausted, he seemed to have as little inclination as power to move.

The stranger then turned to assist the ladies. The elder, with open eyes, which seemed not to see, might have been taken for one of Ovid's ladies, passing from life into stone.

The other had fainted. The whip and reins had dropped from her lifeless hands; and death sat, or seemed to the youth to sit, on the fairest face he thought he had ever beheld.

beheld. He gazed upon her with mute sorrow, trembled, perhaps for the first time, and for the first time feared death.

This sad and awful spectacle had not long occupied his attention, when the servant came up, his forehead covered with blood. The man had seen the whole; had seen that nothing but a miracle could save his mistress, and had seen that miracle performed. He was therefore well disposed to consider the person before him, as possessed of more than mortal power.

"I presume you are the ladies' servant?" said the stranger.

The man answered, "I am, Sir."

"The young lady seems in the most imminent danger; yet I thought I heard her sigh; if so, she is recoverable; assist me in getting her out of the chaise."

The man obeyed. They placed her on the rock just covered with moss, the stranger sitting down to support her, and inclining her head upon his breast. It was not long before she opened her eyes; and their first object was the bleeding servant. Instantly they were closed again.

"Pray, don't be frightened, madam," says the man; "it is me,—your servant Philip."

"Philip!" says the young lady, again opening her eyes.

Then

Then perceiving a man's hand and arm round her waist, "Bless me!" she cried, a faint blush tinging her cheek.

"I am your servant also," said the stranger; "be under no apprehension."

Blushing, she looked up in the stranger's face; there was nothing in it likely to inspire terror; its present expression was the softest compassion.

"Philip!" said Mrs. Merrick, beginning to recollect, "where are we? I am very sick,—come hither."

"Permit me, madam," said the stranger, to the young lady, "to support you a little longer, till you have more perfectly recovered your memory and strength."

"Sir," said Miss Campinet, trying to rise, "I have not the honour to know you."

"Nor I, madam, that of knowing you; I only know that I feel infinite happiness in having been able to serve you."

"Oh dear! I remember now; I thought I died."

"No, madam," says Philip to Mrs. Merrick, "it was out of my power to give you the least assistance: I lay bleeding on the ground: It was that gentleman there, that gentleman; he did what I thought impossible: He saved your life and my young lady's, and, by God's blessing, did not lose his own. See, madam, how near you was to the crag."

"For

"For God's sake!" said Mrs. Merrick, "let us get away from this horrid place; lead the horse a great way, and hold him fast."

The man did so.

"And am I, Sir," says Miss Campinet to the stranger; "am I so infinitely obliged to you?"

"If there was such a goddess as Misfortune," said the stranger, "I ought to raise an altar to her, for calling on me at such an instant."

"You are very polite, Sir," the lady answered; "my thanks and gratitude are yours. My father, I hope,——Lord Grondale——"

"It is Miss Campinet, then, to whom I have the pleasure to speak."

She bowed.

"And," continues the stranger, "she acknowledges obligation and gratitude; to such payment, what can Lord Grondale add?"

"Thanks more substantial," the lady replied.

"The most substantial good," said the stranger, "I can derive from a circumstance that might have been so deplorable, I have already,—my own pleasure, my own approbation. I am not in pursuit of fortune."

Miss Campinet looked at the gentleman with

with some surprise ; " Can man," says she, " be too much favoured by fortune ?"

" Yes, madam," the stranger answered ; " much too much ; England has eminent proofs. If I have learned any thing more particularly, it is a very limited adoration of this universal deity, and to pay little respect to those who have no title to respect, save from her favours."

" Such youth and such philosophy !" said the lady ; " can the alliance be natural ?"

" I should think it was," the stranger answered ; " since it was of the sons of nature I learned it."

An exclamation of Mrs. Merrick's broke this conversation. Supported by the stranger, Miss Campinet moved towards her aunt, who complained of extreme illness. She had not advanced many steps, before, hearing a noise, she turned her head, and saw Lord Grondale's carriage ; which, in an instant, came up, and from which his lordship immediately alighted.

Anger and politeness are seldom co-existent qualities, and Lord Grondale was angry. The spot on which Miss Campinet had been seated, was a very conspicuous one. Lord Grondale, who was taking his accustomed airing alone this evening, saw an unusual appearance upon it, and directing his pocket telescope to the object, saw his daughter,

ter, the daughter of Lord Grondale, leaning on the bosom of a young man. He ordered himself to be driven with all speed to the spot; and whether from a love of his daughter or his dignity; or whether from the rapidity of his driving, he found himself on his arrival, in a high degree of passion. Yet he did not knock the stranger down,—he did not. He only said, with the air of a great and angry man, “Who are you, Sir?”

The young man returned him a kind of contemptuous smile, but said nothing.

In a still more angry voice Lord Grondale repeated his question.

“I am a man, Sir,” replied the stranger.

“What man, Sir?” his lordship asked.

“Not of authority,” the gentleman answered; “and I rejoice at it, since the possession is so little calculated to make mankind amiable.”

“My dear father!” said Miss Campinet.

Her dear father without paying her the least attention, said, “Are you intitled, Sir, to be thus familiar with the daughter of Lord Grondale?”

“I think I am,” answered the gentleman, coolly.

“Loose her, Sir,” said his lordship.

“Can you stand, Miss Campinet?” the stranger asked.

“Oh

“Oh yes, Sir,—yes.”

He withdrew his arm; she tottered a few steps, and would have fallen, had he not again caught her.

“What is all this?” said his lordship. “Is any thing the matter, Caroline? Are you ill or perverse? Who is this young man?”

“Dear Sir!” said Miss Campinet, “have you not heard?”

“Heard what?” said his lordship. “I have heard nothing; but I have seen—seen, Caroline,—your head resting upon this young man’s bosom. Was that fit for a father to see?”

Miss Campinet could not answer; she could only blush.

“Yes, Sr,” said the stranger, “most fit.”

“You may think so, Sir,” returned his lordship; “but I must be better acquainted with your rank and fortune before I shall.”

“My fortune,” answered the stranger, “kings might envy; it is equal to my desires. As to rank,—I have been taught only to distinguish men by virtue.”

“Very plain and unceremonious, Sir,” said his lordship. “Caroline lean upon my arm; it is proper I should support you.”

“Since, then,” says the stranger, “I can no longer be of service, permit me, Miss Campinet,

Campinet, to wish you every possible happiness."

"I hope, Sir," she answered, "you will give me an early opportunity to thank you for——"

The gentleman bowed, and springing down the hill, leaped into the coppice, and was out of sight in an instant.

"Why this," said his frowning lordship, "this is absolute invitation, Caroline,—and before me too."

"Could I say less, Sir, to the man, who, at the risk of his own life, has just saved mine?"

"Your life!"

"Oh Sir! but for him I had been dashed to pieces. To the attitude, which so much displeased you, I was totally insensible. He thought it death."

"All this is incomprehensible."

They were obliged, however to defer the explanation on account of the increasing illness of Mrs. Merrick. Both the ladies, his lordship took into his own carriage, and conveyed to Mrs. Merrick's.

As to the explanation, it met his lordship soon enough. He could not absolutely deny the action to be gallant; but what young fellow would not have done the same? The eclat was great and sufficient reward. As to himself, the obligation, if there was any, was cancelled

cancelled by the impertinent behaviour of the fellow, whoever he was.

"Would you believe it," said his lordship to Doctor Blick, "though I told him I was Lord Grondale, he still spoke to me with the appellation of Sir ; and had the impudence to tell me he did not mind my rank."

CHAP. VI.

THE Reverend Doctor Blick seldom walked ; but he rode sometimes out in his chariot ; and as he was a profound antiquarian, would sometimes stop to view the remains of the castle, the convent, or a remarkable place which had much the appearance of an encampment. It was at the latter place, the day after the affair of the preceding chapter, he observed a gentleman viewing it attentively. The doctor alighted, and giving the stranger the good-morrow, said, "This place, Sir, seems to take your attention, and is indeed worthy of it. I presume you know this was once a Roman camp?"

"No, Sir," the stranger replied, "I do not know it."

"Nothing

"Nothing can be plainer, Sir. You see it was a square. Here must have stood the pretorium, here the augurale ; that, Sir, must have been the decuman gate."

"I see, indeed, ground on which these things might have been,--nothing to indicate with certainty that they were."

"I have studied the place so long, Sir, and with so much attention, that I can demonstrate it. I can tell you exactly where were the stations of the *volites*, the *hustati*, the *triarii* ; their centurions and tribunes."

"Thy cannot arise to contradict you, Sir ; nor shall I."

"I wish to convince you."

"Do not take the trouble, Sir. I have seen many places of encampment like this. Some where the Romans never were. But they shall be all Roman, to oblige you."

"You have travelled, then, I presume, Sir ; but you are too young to have travelled much."

"Too young, perhaps, to have travelled to much purpose ; but I have trod much ground."

"Trod, Sir ! Is that term proper ? I presume you did not travel on foot."

"Chiefly so, Sir."

"On foot, Sir."

"On foot."

This was a circumstance that could not fail,

fail, in a mind like Doctor Blick's, to abate something of the respect which the gentleman's dress and manner might have produced: It did not, however, abate his curiosity.

"Pray, Sir, may I ask if you travel for profit or pleasure?"

"Not certainly for profit, if by profit you mean money."

"May I, without presumption, ask you another question?"

"Oh, Sir, what you please. It is seldom that I have met a gentleman willing to take so much trouble about me."

"This mode of travelling,---may it be choice or economy?"

"It may be both. And your question, Sir,—may it be curiosity, or an inquisition into my purse?"

"Sir,---I—I—am—am rector of this parish—Sir,—and we think ourselves intitled, Sir, to make certain enquiries, Sir, when strangers come into it."

"And do all strangers think you entitled to information?"

"They ought."

"I fear, reverence for the clergy,---I rather mean implicit obedience,---does not stand so high now, as when the castle and the convent now in view, were filled by illustrious barons and holy monks."

"A little more reverence for the clergy
would

would be no dishonour to these times, I presume."

"They have less, in your opinion, than they merit."

"Yes, Sir,—do you say the contrary?"

"Oh, no!—I have no inclination to be libelled for heresy; Sir, I wish you a good morning."

C H A P. VII.

MRS. MERRICK had a relation at Falmouth, a cousin, whose name was Sumelin, a banker, opulent and respectable. To him, as guardian, a Mr. Fluart had confided his only child, a daughter, with a fortune of 20,000*l*. Miss Fluart, seven years old at her father's death, was now twenty. At sixteen she was taken from the boarding-school, —I beg pardon,—seminary; and Mr. Sumelin was much perplexed what to do with her. In his youth he had been much abroad, and had looked at men and women of great varieties of colour, modes, and manners. He had even looked at kings and queens,—at lamas, bonzes, and mustis; and having compared

pared and considered what they might, could, or should have done, with what they did he could not always determine, whether they were delegates from heaven above, or from the earth below; or whether mankind had arrived at its ultimatum of perfection and happiness, under any church or any state, or under any alliance between them. That this is a heterodoxy most abhorred, I own; and I am sorry it should exist in any of these my people; but truth being a necessary evil in this world sometimes, a poor biographer has not the right to dispense with it, as have the distinguished personages whom I shall always look up to as my divinities here on earth. But I am making my own reflections, when I should be making Mr. Sumelin's; a man of integrity, indeed, in his dealings, but of insanity in his notions, as wisdom goes now. In short, a very odd man.

But neither Mrs. Sumelin, nor her eldest daughter, Harriot, were ever charged with oddity. On the contrary, they were so extremely like ladies in general, that every man's eyes and ears may save me the trouble of drawing their portraits.

Mrs. Sumelin had seen her tenth lustum. At eighteen she was angelic; for she had a smooth white skin and 12000l. In intellect, not super-abundant; nor was it necessary; for to the shining qualities above-mentioned,

ed, understanding may or may not be added; it is of little consequence, especially in genteel life. Its want may be copiously supplied by vanity.

Miss Sumelin,—many fathers would have doated on her, for she was a perfect copy of her mother. Fond to excess of the fine and fashionable, and an adorer of sweet pretty things. It is not amongst the foibles of the dear sex that I place these propensities; for I believe it pleased God to make them a part of the constitution of their natures; and surely, in his last, best work, there could be no imperfection.

“ So, I fear, did not Mr. Sumelin think. Against these innocent and elegant penchants, he frequently darted his keenest arrows; but they fell dead to the ground, repelled by the panoply of this mother and daughter; and Mr. Sumelin had the satisfaction, in common with most husbands, to see these charming inclinations grow into passions, under his reprobation.

Charlotte, the youngest daughter, was not so exact a copy of her mother; her resemblances were more to her father; and this, perhaps, was the cause why the paternal affections were rather stronger than the maternal and sisterly. Of the age of Miss Fluart, she had been mostly with her at the seminary; and I believe had imbib-

ed a stronger affection for her than for any other human being.

For the rest, one found in the family of Mr. Sumelin, a portion of love and harmony, such as is usually given. They might, indeed, sometimes say disagreeable things to each other; but the balance of power lay, as it always ought, with the ladies; for Miss Sumelin, making it a rule never to differ from her mother when her father did, the gentleman was consequently outvoted in matters of action, and outtalked in matters of speculation; which little inconveniences he was obliged to bear as well as he was able,—and he generally bore them best at a tavern.

Poets and fabulists agree, that men are not animals very quick sighted to their own errors; but that they are seldom blind to the errors of their wives, much beyond the honey moon. I believe Mr. Sumelin is not to be charged with any defect of vision. He saw that his own house was not such a residence for Miss Fluart, as he could entirely approve, and he determined to place her with some judicious female friend. Of these he had not a very copious list; and on scrutiny, one accident or other, too much or too little affluence,—too much or too little wisdom,—too much or too little good humour, rendered every individual

individual not the exact person he could have wished. The highest in his estimation stood Mrs. Merrick; but she was too much a recluse. So, at length, he agreed that his ward should live half with her, and half with himself at Falmouth.

So far as it enlarged their circle of pleasures, Mrs. and Miss Sumelin liked this very well; but in the cup of enjoyment, there is usually some ill tasted ingredient or other: In the company of Miss Fluart, Miss Sumelin was less a goddess. Is there on earth one sovereign, male or female, who can bear, *equo animo*, a diminution of sovereignty?

At the time we are now writing of Miss Fluart and her friend, Charlotte Sumelin, were at Falmouth. A very regular correspondence was kept up by the fair friends during their separation. I am not allowed to oblige my readers with the whole of it; but with those letters only which have some connexion with my present purpose. A few days after her accident, Miss Campinet received the following; with it I chuse to begin.

C H A P. VIII.

MISS FLUART *to* MISS CAMPINET.

I Hope, Miss Campinet, you have been fretting and fuming, though not so much as to hurt your complexion, that post after post should pass by Grondale-place, without leaving a letter from my ladyship. To how many causes can you have attributed this prodigy? Imprimis,---she is dead. Not quite so bad as that neither. Secondly,---she is married. Not quite so good as that. Thirdly,---she is eloped. A tolerable conjecture, my dear; but you have mistaken the person. Yes, we have had an elopement, sure enough; and if half the squirrels of Falmouth had died, the bustle could scarce have been greater. Poor Harriet Sumelin, the idol of her dear mother, a pattern to all the daughters of men in this town and its precincts, has so tainted her fame, that I do not believe she will be consulted this month, even about a new cap.

“ Mr.

"Mr. Sumelin's head clerk, a Mr. Fillygrove, is the author of this mass of evil; a young man with a sweet pretty face, and two well enough shaped legs. These are considered as great accomplishments by young ladies; and the contemplation of them, does probably add to the happiness of the possessors, if one may judge by Mr. Fillygrove. If this young gentleman happens to be placed over against a pier glass at dinner, if he drinks your health his looks are directed not to you, but the glass; so, if he answers a question. Once, when he was addressed, and it became evidently necessary to direct his regards to the person he was going to answer, he intended so to do, unluckily his eye, on its road, caught the mirror, was fascinated by it, and the poor youth found it impossible to break the charm. In a walk, you see him, once a minute, bend in graceful curvature,--throw a glance at those adorable legs,--and resume his erect position with increased perpendicularity. Let us do the man justice however; he has merit in the compting-house; and his father can, if he chuses, give him two or three thousand pounds.

"Miss Harriet Sumelin could not resist such weighty attractions. She was the first to feel the power of the little winged deity; but the young man, either not having received a reciprocal wound, or not having

advanced in effrontery so far as to pretend to a daughter of Mr. Sumelin, a 40,000 pounder, it created a sort of an embarrassment in the poor lady, how she should give him the necessary confidence without wounding her own delicacy. Love may be, and I believe is sometimes, very ingenious; but not being able to teach ingenuity to Harriet, she was obliged to have recourse to the vulgar method of telling him all about it with her eyes. The language was intelligible enough; they soon came to a right understanding; and neither of them having the least hope of consent from the lady's father, they very rightly resolved not to ask it, and trust paternal affection for pardon. So off one night they went for Dover; intending to marry at Calais and return.

"The affair was perfectly understood in the morning, by a very dutiful epistle, which Harriet had left behind her, to instruct papa and mamma; and in which, she laid the fault, if there was any fault, upon destiny; for she was sure marriages were made in heaven. We were all, that is, the ladies of the family, very much affected to be sure. Mrs. Sumelin testified her's by scolding and clamour; Charlotte, by tears, and almost by convulsions; I, by silence and meditation. Having all performed our parts a reasonable time, my guardian, who had eaten his

his breakfast with perfect composure, said,
“ Well, and for what is all this noise and
pothèr, Mrs. Sumelin? Your daughter is
gone to be married, that’s all. I suppose
you intend she should marry one day?”

“ But to marry so much beneath her, Mr.
Sumelin,—and such a coxcomb.”

“ As to his being a coxcomb, my dear,
we must set that down as a circumstance in
Harriet’s favour; coxcombry being the
most approved qualification of man, in the
mind of woman; and as to his being beneath
her, I know not what that means.”

“ No! Mr. Sumelin: So rich as you
are, and a young lady with your daughter’s
accomplishments.”

“ As to riches, Mrs. Sumelin, they are
my own, and at my own disposal. I may
give Mrs. Fillygrove a large fortune, and I
may not. It is true, I do not much like mas-
ses of money in the hands of fools; but she
is my daughter; I shall not let her want;
and her puppy husband may one day be
weaned of his folly, and may make as res-
pectable a man as his poverty of under-
standing will permit.”

“ And so you really mean to forgive
them without any ado?”

“ Forgive them! yes. Why, I am hard-
ly offended.”

“ In truth, if the old gentleman had spoke

the whole truth, I believe he was rather pleased than offended.

"And you will not send after them, to stop them?" asked Mrs. Sumelin.

"No, really, I will not."

"Mrs. Sumelin continuing much upon the fret, Mr. Sumelin went to the counting-house; and we saw no more of him; (a thing that happens often) till the next morning. Indeed, we scarce saw him for several days after this; for Mrs. Sumelin was always at him, with all the agreeable garrulousness of a fretful woman; and the candour of a wife, who is perfectly convinced that her husband is always wrong.

About the sixth day, Mr. Sumelin introduced to us a gentleman from France, an American born, I believe, but having property in France, had been there some years; and not liking, I suppose, the politics of that country, had been selling his property; remitting part of the produce to Mr. Sumelin, to whom he had been recommended by a house in Philadelphia, in order to have it invested in the English funds.

"How shall I describe this young stranger to you, my dear? He looks like a man, I think, and yet I have seen but few men look like him. He is not an Adonis, like Mr. Fillygrove; nor does he resemble that accomplished personage in dress or in manners.

ners. The latter are, indeed, rather open and engaging, than graceful. There is an ease about him, but it is an unstudied, un-imitated ease. It seems his own; and becomes him so well, that he acquires our good will, almost before he has spoke. That his conversation will support his credit with ladies in general, is more than I dare affirm. I will give you a small specimen, that you may judge for yourself. By the bye, he has a very ugly name; Herm-sprong; it sounds monstrous Germanish.

Mr. Sumelin. "Have you left America long?"

Mr. Herm-sprong. "About five years."

S. "Since then you have resided in France?"

H. "Properly speaking, I have not resided any where. Smitten with the love of being seen, I have shewed myself to half Europe; returning occasionally to France, as I was wanted."

S. "They are going on there in a strange way."

H. "Yes, strange and new. I speak of the causes which animate the French; for as to the means—the destruction of the human species—it has been a favourite mode with power of every denomination, ever since power was."

D 5

S. "What

S. "What are these causes you speak of?"

H. "To make mankind wiser and better."

S. "And do you approve the means?"

H. What—all? Oh no! it is left to the loyal Englishman; and is, I am told, a new prerogative,——to approve by the lump. All! no, Sir! All the malignant, as well as the better passions, are afloat in France; and malignant actions are the consequence. Many of the acts of the assembly are acts of necessity; and some, no doubt, of folly."

"I'm sure," says Mrs. Sumelin, "if you had approved them, you must have been a strange sort of gentleman."

"Perhaps I am, madam; but will you favour me with your reasons?"

"Are not they all atheists?" the lady asked. "And have not they robbed the nobility and the parsons? and don't they hate kings?"

"There may be many such shocking creatures among the men, madam; but the ladies, I assure you, are still pious,—still loyal,——still addicted to rank and title: The English ladies can scarce be fonder of distinction. Notwithstanding their boasted principle of equality, madam, there are very few of the *better* sort of ladies in France, who would forgive a daughter

ter

ter who married beneath her. I am informed the English ladies, though they do love rank, are in this particular more placable."

"I fear, Sir," said Mr. Sumelin, pleasantly, "you are not well informed."

"I appeal to the ladies. You gentlemen are said at present to boast of cherishing prejudices, *because* they are prejudices; ladies cannot be thus absurd."

"No, faith! I will do the things what honour I can: This pitch they have not reached: They do, indeed, stick as fast by their prejudices as men can do; not for the curious reason above-mentioned, but because they like them; especially when they are founded upon their vanities."

"We are sure to have your good word," replied Mrs. Sumelin; "but I hope, Mr. — pray what is your name, Sir?"

"Hermisprong, madam."

"I hope, Mr. Humsprung, you have more sense than to believe him?"

"Oh,---I don't usually give gentlemen much credit, when they rail at the ladies; least of all on the subject we are now treating of. Could you, madam, could any mother, if she had a daughter who had unfortunately fixed her affections not quite so prudently as she ought? Could you tear her from your bosom, and give her misery, only for seeking her own happiness?"

Mrs. -

Mrs Sumelin seemed to sit uneasily upon her chair.

"No, madam," continued the orator, "I see an expression in your fine face, (and indeed her fine face was rather rosy) that will not permit me to suppose you can have a hard heart."

"Sir,—pray, Sir,—" said Mrs. Sumelin, "have you heard?"

"What, madam?"

"That I have a daughter so circumstanced?"

"Indeed then I hope I am not deceived in my opinion?"

"Do you know what a wretch she has gone off with?"

"Is he a highwayman, madam?"

No, Lord bless me! (a little peevishly;) but I wish I had never seen him. Sure, Mr. Sumelin was bewitched when he took him into his house. He is the greatest coxcomb——"

"The charge is true, no doubt," says my guardian; "and yet the ladies never made the discovery till he was gone."

"A message from the compting-house called Mr. Sumelin out. "The grand disgrace," said he, as he went, "is having been my clerk."

"I should hardly think that a disgrace," said Mr. Hermisprong.

"Do

"Do you know, Sir, what a fortune Mr. Sumelin can give his daughters?"

"Oh,—half a million each, I suppose."

"Lord, Sir,—you are so perverse."

"And yet I question whether some people may not think the reputation of probity, which Mr. Sumelin also possesses, is better even than that of wealth. Besides he was not always so rich, you know. Was he so, when he was so happy as to win your affections? Oh, if a lady's love could increase as fast as a husband's wealth, how eager all married men would be to get rich."

"Sir, I don't think you talk at all to the purpose."

"I am an ignorant young man, madam, roaming up and down the world to pick up a little wisdom. I want to read hearts, especially ladies hearts."

"Then, once for all, I tell you, Mr. Humsprung, that I wash my hands of Mrs. Fillygrove, if she be Mrs. Fillygrove, for ever."

"Suppose she should have repented her design, and stopped short of its completion?"

"But I can't suppose any such thing. And if she should, what becomes of her character? That's lost, let what will happen."

"Dear

"Dear madam, you puzzle me. If your daughter is married you disown her because she is married. This is the first case. The second is, if she is not married, you disown her, because—because she is not married."

"I can't think, Mr. Humsprung, what business you have with it, or what you can know about it, but what you have heard at Falmouth, where all the foul mouths in the town are open."

"I ought to ask pardon for my impertinence, and hope you will grant it, when you know that it has been my lot, so far happy at least, to relieve her from a little distress at Ostend."

"Our curiosity was now greatly excited; and we expressed it by silence and open mouths. Mr. Hermsprung continued.

"I imagine this was the first of Mr. Fillygrove's performances in this way; for he neither knew the expence he was likely to incur, nor the proper steps to be taken. when he was out of the British dominions, At Ostend, his money was exhausted. At one of the windows of the inn, where I was waiting for a passage I saw a lady in tears. I presumed to enquire the cause. This was impertinent, no doubt; but I could not help it. There had been an altercation betwixt Miss Sumelin and Mr. Fillygrove; for the young

young man had found no better way of getting rid of his distress, than by drinking wine. She reproached and he swore. This was their situation when I got myself introduced. I know not whether I should have got an explanation from Miss Sumelin, but the gentleman gave me one copiously. You may judge, madam, when I learned that the lady was a daughter of Mr. Sumelin of Falmouth, whom I considered, though yet unknown, except by his probity, as the first of my friends in England, the matter could not be indifferent to me. In the present state of the young lady's mind, I had no great difficulty to convince her of her error. She put herself accordingly under my protection. The young man I was under the necessity of correcting a little. I did not suffer him, however, to feel any other want than the want of common sense. He even returned to England, on board the same vessel; but left us on our landing, nor have we seen him since. Miss Sumelin had the goodness to accompany me to Falmouth; and is now, I believe, under the care of her father, who is gone to bring a repentant daughter back to the embraces of a forgiving mother."

"I assure you," says Mrs. Sumelin, "you'll not find me so forgiving neither."

"Madam,

“Madam, you are not acquainted with the strength of your own goodness.”

“This dialogue was put a stop to by Mr. Sumelin, who came to inform his lady, that her daughter was in her own apartment, hoping to see her; and my advice, Harriet, is that you should forgive her cordially and at once; for I cannot turn her out of doors for an offence she has but half committed; and in my own house I desire peace.

“On, my dear! what terrible news have I just heard. Can it be true? Can my Caroline have been so near destruction? Heaven bless her preserver, whomsoever it may be. This letter my perturbation will not permit me to finish; indeed it is long enough; too long, probably, for the state of mind in which it is likely to find you. Pray, be speedy in gratifying my impatience.

Your affectionate.

MARIA FLUART.”

C H A P. IX.

MISS CAMPINET wrote to her friend as follows:

“Sensible of my own deficiency, I should
almost

almost envy you your happy vivacity, my dear Maria, did it not incline too much towards satire,—and were not that satire mostly directed against a half fallen sister. But your playfulness, I know, is only of the pen, for your heart is good and kind.

“Yes, my dear, I have indeed had a most dreadful escape. I cannot think of it without terror. It is probable, nay certain almost, that I owe my preservation to that very Mr. Hermsprong, for I never before heard of his name, the subject of your last letter. For the minuter particulars, you must wait till we can make them the subject of conversation. I cannot afford an hour’s absence from my dear aunt, who has been long declining, and this fright, I fear, will accelerate her last mortal hour. No one but myself, perhaps, would wish to retard it, if, as I fear it will, the small remainder of her life must be pain and sickness; but to me, you know she is of infinite importance. When I have lost her, what is to become of me? My father’s house is little inviting to me, and still less proper. Lord Grondale’s company when he has any, are all men; and I wish I could add, men of merit. Alas! they are men of play; for I never heard they had other occupation or amusement, if we except the pleasures of the table, where they are accustomed to sit long, and rise rather more than refreshed.

“ From

“ From these and other irregularities, you know my father has suffered much, and is now so much an invalid, that these parties come much seldomer than usual. When they do, they are very improper persons for me to associate with. Then, Lord Grondale has never been in the habit of tenderness to me ; either, because I have not merit sufficient to engage his affection, or, as I rather chuse to flatter myself, because he has seen so little of me. Not that he does not honor me with his notice sometimes, and sometimes makes me happy by his good humour ; but more commonly, he has some faults to blame, or some foibles to lash ; and indeed his polite irony is very mortifying. On these accounts my dear Maria, I am now desirous to engage your promise to be with me a few months upon the melancholy event of my dear aunt’s decease, and my remove to Grondale Hall. My aunt sends to me ; I must quit my pen till to-morrow.

“ This morning my father called upon me, as he returned from an airing. I must relate a part of our conversation, as it gives me an opportunity to inform you of all that has since passed betwixt Mr. Hermsprong and me. After the usual questions respecting my aunt, and a minute’s silence, my father

father abruptly says, "Caroline, when did you see your saviour?"

"My lord!" says I, with some consternation, for I was startled at the impiety, as I thought of the question.

"Pshaw," says my father peevishly; "I mean your knight-errant; he who stopped your precipitate flight down the crag."

"I have seen him once only, my lord; a day or two after the accident. He called at my aunt's, and sent up Mr. Hermsprong's compliments, and an enquiry into our healths. I went down to thank him for my aunt and myself; and asked him if it was in my power, or---pardon me, Sir, if I presumed too far---in my father's, to serve him? He answered, he did not pretend the action laid me under the least obligation. He thought little of its merit, for it was unpremeditated. It was an impulse,---and it was irresistible."

"Lord Grondale said it was a good distinction; he must profess himself of the same opinion as to its merit.

"I own, my lord, I was of a different opinion; and thought this modesty of expression rather enhanced than diminished Mr. Hermsprong's merit respecting myself; I replied to this purpose, and wished to be able to shew my gratitude."

"You must not then talk to me," he answered,

swered, "of Lord Grondale; if I must have a reward, let it be all your own."

"What cursed effrontery!" my lord exclaimed. "This was a downright declaration of love."

"I did not think so, Sir;" but I remained silent, because I did not exactly know to what it tended. He explained his meaning directly. Your silence, Miss Campinet, (these were his exact words) accuses me of presumption; but of presumption I am no farther guilty than to wish to be allowed the pleasure of your conversation, when your doors are open to common visitors. I then said, my aunt's indisposition prevented my seeing company at present; I feared it would end fatally; in which case I hoped for permission to reside with my father; and to him I must look up for the direction of my conduct, and the choice of my acquaintance."

"This was a proper and a pertinent reply, Caroline, if it came from your heart."

"I hope I have never given my father cause to suspect my duty and inclinations are at variance."

"The case, Caroline, is not uncommon; the generality of daughters of the present day, may very well justify fathers in such a suspicion; but what answer did your hero return?"

"My

“My hero! my lord.”

“Well—well—Mr. Hermsprong.”

“If so,—” Mr. Hermsprong said, but checked himself, so that I cannot guess what he was then going to say. After a pause, I am sensible,” he said, “your time must be now precious; if I have never the pleasure to see you again, accept my most earnest wishes for every possible felicity.” He withdrew with a haste which did not permit me to reply.”

“So ended my conversation with my father; and so ends all my knowledge,—perhaps for ever of Mr. Hermsprong.”

Your affectionate

CAROLINE CAMPINET.

CHAP. X.

AT the conclusion of our sixth chapter, we left Mr. Hermsprong bidding good morrow to the reverend Dr. Blick. In the course of his morning's walk, he saw a young man taking angles with a Hadley's quadrant. This was my humble self; but I hate egotism; and when I have occasion to mention this self, it shall be by the names of Gregory

Gregory Glen; the first of which I derive from my godmothers, the latter I inherit—from my mother. Mr. Hermsprong, approaching Mr. Glen, asked if he was surveying the country? To which he answered, that that was beyond his abilities; this was merely a mathematical amusement. The stranger said, such amusements were to be envied.

“No,” Mr. Glen replied; “your’s are the amusements to be envied; if, as I suspect, you are the happy man to whom the best and fairest of her sex owes her preservation.”

“Why,” he replied, “if mankind is disposed to consider this as extraordinary, and to pay me for it by a larger portion of esteem, it is very well. I am willing to receive the reward, though impelled to the action by instinct, I suppose,—for I did not know the lady was the best and fairest of her sex.”

“You refine too much, Sir,” said Glen; “do you think I should have done the same?”

“I know not,” he answered, “why I should suppose the contrary.”

“I know,” replied Glen; terror would have deprived me of sense and motion; nor do I think I know a man on whom the suddenness

denness of a circumstance so terrible, would not have had the same effect."

"I conceive I know many," Mr. Herm sprong said, "not indeed amongst civilized Europeans. Man may be in a situation betwixt a state of nature and extreme civilization, such that intrepidity and possession of mind, in sudden danger, may be necessary, even for existence. The Aborigines of America, when they hunt or go to war, are exposed to instant peril in many ways. They get a habit of presence of mind, and habit is nature."

"No doubt," Mr. Glen answered, "but this habit so seldom offers itself to our notice, one cannot easily conceive it."

"Oh," said Mr. Herm sprong, smiling, "you are upon your guard, I see, against the marvellous."

"No, Sir,—indeed no," replied Glen; "I assure you I have not the least suspicion,—not the least——"

"Nay, Sir, if you had, it gives me no offence. Travellers have always imposed upon credulity; and sensible men receive their reports now more circumspectly. I am a stranger; you know me not; I relate something that appears to you incredible; you have a right to withhold your assent, till more and better information may have convinced you. I believe I am talking to Mr. Glen."

Mr

Mr. Glen bowed his answer.

"They say here you are an intelligent man; that you are humane; honest in actions, and open in speech. All these are to my taste. I ask your friendship. If you grant it, I hope to convince you that I hold a manly freedom of thinking and speaking, amongst the most estimable qualities of man."

Was it possible to refuse a friendship so engagingly asked? No. From that hour it has been the greatest source of Mr. Glen's felicity; and you, my dear readers, owe to it this invaluable book.

C H A P. XI.

THERE was in Hermsprong a superiority in science, and in elevation of sentiment, which Glen found it impossible not to admire, and difficult not to regard with envy. This weakness vanished after some days familiarity; and the reserve, which was its consequence, vanished after it.

Their acquaintance was not cultivated after the ordinary manner; they neither

eat nor drank together; for Hermsprong's residence was an inn, and Glen boarded and lodged; and each had more taste for morning excursions, for the discovery of nature's more rare productions, plants or minerals; and especially for the reciprocal communication of mind with mind.

A sight of the encampment put Mr. Hermsprong in mind of his rencontre with Dr. Blick. Mr. Glen did not seem in the humour for panegyric; for his portrait of the Doctor was rather unfavourable. That he united pride with meanness; that he was as haughty to his inferiors, as cringing to superiors. An eternal flatterer of Lord Grondale, he did not even presume to preach against a vice, if it happened to be a vice of his patron. And yet, said Glen, this man is rich; has great church preferment, two good livings, and a stall; keeps his chariot, and does not chuse to marry.

"I hope," said Mr. Hermsprong, "you are not now giving a general picture of the English clergy?"

"By no means," replied Mr. Glen; "as individuals, I think them generally worthy; and if you desire to see a contrast to Dr. Blick, you may find it in his curate a man of learning; of high probity; simple in his manners; attentive to his duties; and so attached to his studies, that he may

be said to be almost unacquainted with mankind. This man is married; has four daughters; and from the bountiful rector of Grondale has forty-five pounds per annum, for doing half the duties of Grondale, and the whole of Sithin, a village a mile hence, where he resides. It is true, he derives about an equal revenue from his patrimonial fortune, otherwise it would be impossible his family could be supported."

"I am as desirous to court the acquaintance of such a man," said Mr. Herm sprong, "as of avoiding the Dr. Blinks; and will take an opportunity to call on him. Or what do you say to bringing him to spend a social evening at the Golden Ball?"

To this Mr. Glen agreed; and the succeeding night was the appointed time.

CHAP. XII.

THE good curate willingly accepted the invitation, and was so punctual that he arrived at the Golden Ball an hour before he was expected; and before Mr. Herm sprong had returned from his afternoon's excursion.

excursion. Mr. Tunny, the landlord, however, accommodated him with an easy chair in the best parlour, a pipe, and a tankard; and was, moreover, so obliging as to favour him with his own company. The Reverend Mr. Woodcock took this opportunity to enquire concerning his guest.

"Sir," said the landlord, with the air of a man who has something important to communicate, "this Mr. Hermsprong is—a—a—sort of a man—one does not often see—nor is it every man who would know what to make of him. But I have seen the world, Mr. Woodcock; I was a private in the 27th, and rose to be corporal solely by merit. I was in the hottest of the last German war. Sir, I have lived upon gun-powder. My wife, the late widow Trott, preferred me to six; she knew men; and I'll be bold to say, I have not deceived her. This house is much altered since I came to it. I am sorry not to see you oftener in it, Mr. Woodcock; I have very good company. Doctor Blick has done me the honour more than once, I threw out that bow window; I set up the butts. I know the world, Sir, and I know men must be attracted. Sir, my respectful service to you."

A long draught gave Mr. Woodcock an opportunity to put his landlord in mind of Mr. Hermsprong.

"I'll tell you, Sir," says Tunny; "it is by little things you know a man. That was a maxim of the King of Prussia and Marshall Keith. I served under Marshall Keith. He was a great commander. I was not 500 yards from him when he fell. If he had lived I should not have been landlord of the Golden Ball at Grondale. But providence is over all. Things will be as God pleases. Marshall Keith took a liking to me. I never think of him without abundance of sorrow. So, Sir, my respectful service to you."

"Thank you, landlord; but Mr. Herm-sprong."

"Why, Sir, when I think of my dear Marshall Keith, I think of nobody else. If he had lived, things would not have been quite as they are. Not but the late king of Prussia was a good soldier too; but then he had no religion; and a soldier without religion, Mr Woodcock,---what is he? D---n my blood, if I value any man that has no religion. The tankard stands at you, Sir. A man never fights his best that don't believe a cannon ball may carry him to heaven."

"It is a good foundation for a soldier to build upon. But we forgot Mr. Herm-sprong."

"Why

"Why, Sir, here he comes about ten days ago, at seventeen minutes past five in the evening; himself on foot; his servant on horseback, with his portmanteau, not coming in till eight. Now what do you think, Mr. Woodcock, was the first thing he called for?"

"Perhaps," said the curate, "a private room for prayer and thanksgiving."

"No, Lord bless you! I never had but one guest of that stamp, and he went off with two silver spoons in his pocket."

"No, Sir, he called for a tub of water."

"Water, Sir! that's his way. He will walk you forty miles in a morning. His shoes are as soft and pliable as silk. Well, Sir, after his cold bath, he dined upon a cold round of beef; and faith he played his part like a man. A couple of pounds vanished in a twinkling; and he seasoned them with a quart or two of good spring water. Not a drop of good liquor has he drank in my house. His servant, indeed, might have made up the deficiency a little, but he was off the next morning, and I have not seen him since. The gentleman himself took a morning's walk; and to tell you the truth, I did not much expect to see him again. However he did return at last, and called for coffee. I observed him attentively while he eat me a twopenny loaf; for

I learned to read men under Marshall Keith; and when he had finished, he did, for the first time, notice Tom Tunny, at the Golden Ball; a man that, no disgrace to Mr. Hermsprong, has conversed with as good men as himself. He talked to me about prospects and old castles, and other trifling things; it is true, he did not then know I had served under Marshall Keith. Since then, we have been better acquainted. I suppose at that time I might answer rather glum; so he ceased his questions, and demanded his bill. It came to four shillings and three pence. So he takes out a purse; to say truth, it did not seem to want ammunition; and giving me one pound one desired change. Then, says he, in a droll way enough, I have learned to divide landlords into three classes: Those who charge with primitive modesty; those who charge with the modesty of men—who know the world; and those who charge without any modesty at all. The first I make it a rule to pay double; the second according to my sense of their modesty; to the last, I pay their bills. You know the world, Mr. Tunny, and my system requires, that I should pay you three half crowns. Sir, says I, your servant. For really the man's manner was so gracious and comical, that, though I
thought

thought it beneath me to take the overplus, —for, Sir, I had the command of a company once on the occasion of a retreat for twenty-four hours,—yet, as this sort of humour was rather scarce, I put the affront, if it was one, quietly into my pocket. Well, Sir; he then told me he liked the country and my house; perhaps he might stay a few weeks; and as he was a stranger, and did not like daily reckonings, I must do him the favor to lock up a bank note for him in my bureau. Sir, says I, I cannot doubt the honor of a gentleman who behaves so generously. The simple language of truth, says he, is the best. Now, you know this was not polite; but he is an odd gentleman; sometimes you would think him the politest man in the world; and at others, he minds it no more than my dragon. Have you seen my dragon, Mr. Woodcock?"

"No, really," the curate answered, "I never saw one in my life."

"Never saw a stallion in your life! Well you scholars see, or rather do not see, strange things."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Hermsprong, along with Mr. Glen.

The proper civilities over, Mr. Hermsprong enquired of Mr. Woodcock what

liquor he chose; to which the curate answered, Ale and a pipe were his luxuries.

"Then," said Hermsprong, "this evening they shall be mine. I wish we could make them so to honest Tom Tunny here; but, alas! to him they are absolute necessities. Mr. Glen, provide for yourself and Mr. Tunny, whose company will be an additional pleasure to us, for he knows the world, and has served under Marshall Keith."

"Sir," says the landlord, "I shall be happy to have the honor of drinking the first glass with you, you have chose to drink in my house."

"Heaven gave us wine for a cordial," Mr. Hermsprong replied, "and ale for a luxury; and I make it a point of conscience to keep them so."

"But," says our landlord, "how any gentleman can relish water, as you do, is to me surprising. Why, it has no more taste than——"

"Water," replied Mr. Hermsprong. "But salt itself will become insipid to a man who is always spreading coian over his tongue."

"Coian, Sir!" said the landlord; zounds, I have lived upon gunpowder. Are martial spirits to be kept up by water?"

"No certainly," Mr. Hermsprong answered;

swered ; "Englishmen are lions with beer, and heroes with brandy. The field of battle is the bed of honor ; and I dare say Mr. Tunny has a thousand times regretted the not lying in it with Marshall Keith."

"Curse me if I have though," says honest Thomas. "No, Sir, I have attacked a battery, and stormed a breach ; I have seen death all around and about me ; but to tell you a secret, the devil take me, if ever I wished him an inch nearer."

"That sentiment is so natural," said the curate ; "one may rely upon the truth of it, without swearing."

"Why, as to the swearing," returned the landlord, "its as natural to a soldier as praying to a parson ; a soldier has not a bit less religion for it in his heart."

A carriage this instant stopping at the door, obliged Mr. Tunny to postpone what more he had to say in defence of swearing. It was Dr. Blick, who had taken an airing this evening as far as Sithin, to order his journeyman to double duty the next Sunday ; and being informed where Mr. Woodcock was gone, was returning that way home.

When the Doctor had given his orders to the poor curate, he condescended to ask who his company were ; and being in-

formed, said, "If I could get a good tiff of punch now, I would come in for half an hour."

"As good as good rum, lemon, and sugar can make it," says Tunny.

Doctor Blick was announced by the landlord, at his entrance into the parlour.

Hermisprong had almost begun sternly to say, "By what right, Sir, do you introduce a stranger to a select company without leave," when the cast down humble look of poor Woodcock disarmed his anger, and made him forbear. He contented himself, however, with slightly rising, and sitting down again. Glen was equally unpolite; but Tunny's bustling assiduity made it the less observable.

When the Doctor was accommodated with the easy chair, his punch, and a pipe, and no one seemed inclined to speak, "I beg," says the Doctor, "I may not interrupt the conversation."

Still silence prevailing, Mr. Tunny says, "why, Doctor, I happened to swear a little, and Mr. Woodcock reproved me; whereas, if he had been chaplain to a regiment, he would have known that a soldier must swear; I don't see, for my part, how the service can be carried on without it."

"I do not see why," said the curate.

"Sir,

"Sir, I will tell you," replied the Doctor; "you cannot suppose that a clergyman can be an advocate for swearing in general; but I have heard sensible officers, both in the sea and land service say, that it supports a certain energy; and if soldiers and sailors were forbidden it, their courage would droop."

"There now," cried Tunny, with exultation, did not I tell you? Doctor Blick has seen life. One always expects sensible observations from gentlemen that have seen life. I served under Marshall Keith, and know a thing or two. Now, here is Mr. Hermsprong has been supposing that I must be sorry that I did not fall in the field of honour with Marshall Keith; but he is confoundedly mistaken."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "it is a mistake which no man could have fallen into, who has studied human nature to any purpose. The love of life is so strong, that scarcely any calamity can weaken it."

"No," says Hermsprong; nor in *very* civilized countries, any affection,—not even the love of heaven."

"I have been told," said Glen, "that savages are taught, and really learn to despise it."

"Sir," says the Doctor, "man cannot despise it."

"I

"I believe," Mr. Hermsprong said, "despise is not the proper term. A savage; put to his choice, will, in all common situations, prefer life; but without dreading death with the timidity of nations, who are taught from infancy to fear it."

"Sir," replied Doctor Blick, "you may say what you please of savages; it is all nonsense. Man must fear death. It is a lesson of nature. You teach in vain, if you teach lessons contrary to nature."

"Pray, Sir," asked Hermsprong, "what is nature?"

"Ask a school boy, Sir," said the Doctor.

"It is not your rudeness," replied Hermsprong; "your imposing tone, nor airs of superior knowledge, that shall deter me from telling you, Sir, that even Doctors may make superficial distinctions. Man cannot be taught any thing contrary to nature. However he acts, he must act by nature's laws; howsoever he thinks, he must think by nature's laws."

"Sir," says the Doctor, "if I have rudeness, you have presumption. Let me ask you a simple question. Is a fever natural?"

"Most certainly. Its whole progress is according to the immutable laws of nature."

"Very true; in an enlarged sense; but by

by natural we mean only the common course of things."

"What philosopher calls earthquakes and storms unnatural?"

"Well, Sir; but this does not prove that man can get above the fear of death."

"Will you accept, as proof, the bravery of our sailors, in the hour of battle?"

"No, Sir."

"Suicide; at least; must be proof complete."

"No, Sir; it is lunacy."

"Alas! half the actions of our lives are lunacies, I think; and none more than those we reason ourselves into. War is lunacy, and we call in all the powers of reason to prove it wisdom. Perhaps, the fear of death itself is a lunacy; for to a reflecting mind, at least, death is not an evil."

"Death not an evil!" says the Doctor, in a tone of surprise.

"Zounds, Sir! death not an evil!" cries Tunny.

"I should suppose not," Mr. Hermsprong answered; "death is privation of sense; can any evil happen to that stone?"

This appeared to the Doctor to border on infidelity; a thing so execrable, root and branch, that it ought to be burnt out of the world by fire and faggot.

"Sir," said he, "are you an atheist?"

Death

Death, privation of sensation! No, Sir; it is enlargement of sensation. It is renovation—it is the gate of life—it is a passport to eternal joys.”

“Then surely,” said Herm sprong, “it is not an evil.”

Now the good Doctor was vexed at this; he had like to have broke his pipe; and so much the more vexed, as the fool of a landlord cried out, “But, zounds! Doctor, he has flanked you.”

His anger fell on poor Tunny, whom he rebuked severely, and then returned with fresh vigour to the contest.

“It must be supposed I must mean what I last said only for the good. To the wicked death surely is an evil.”

“Let Tom Tunny look to that,” said Herm sprong, gaily.

“Then, Sir, you think yourself the man without sin.”

“Syllogistically, all men are sinners. All men who do not do what the church requires are sinners. But all men do not do what the church requires. Then, all men are sinners.”

“Sir, you have quick parts; but all the parts in the world without faith, will not ensure salvation.”

“Oh! if it depends upon faith, I have no reason to despair. At Lisbon I believed
all

all holy catholic things; at Rome I believed in the infallibility of the tiara; and in England I believe in church and king, the first article of faith; which, if a man do not do, he cannot be saved."

"Mr. Hermsprong,—that is your name, I think,—religion is not a jest."

"Well, Doctor, dispute is disagreeable; altercation pitiful. It is easy on this subject to give offence by innocent or careless expressions. I desire to give no offence; therefore beg leave to decline the subject."

"Young gentleman, I must not let you off so. It is my duty to put you right, if I find you wrong. I suspect you have imbibed some of the abominable doctrines of the French philosophers; some heretical tenets which will plunge you into the bottomless pit."

The Doctor now began to drink off his glasses of punch very quick; and as he had preached against infidelity but the last sabbath, he remembered much of the sermon; and, meeting with no interruption from the company, who preserved a profound silence, he preached it over again with much animation.

When he had finished, Mr. Hermsprong thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and drank his health.

"But," said the Doctor, "you say nothing

thing to my discourse; I hope I have not preached in vain."

"In vain, I fear, to Tom Tunny here."

The Doctor looked, and, lo! the man was asleep. He was presently awaked, and received a sharp reprimand.

"Doctor," says the landlord, "I always thought a pulpit a fitter place to preach in than an alehouse; and that a man must fall asleep when he cannot keep himself awake. It is not orthodox here to preach over our liquor. Gentlemen, my service to you. Solomon said there was a time for all things; a time to preach, and a time to let it alone; and I am sure there is no better time to let it alone, than when good company meet together to be merry."

"You are beneath my notice," said the Doctor, with great dignity; "but for this young gentleman——"

"I request, Sir, you will do me the favour to consider me as beneath your notice also," said Hermsprong.

"I don't like obstinacy in a young man. You was the person who had the good luck to do a piece of service to Miss Campinet?"

No answer.

"That," continues the Doctor, "was a fortunate event for the young lady, and might have been so to you, had you thought

thought proper to treat his lordship with proper respect."

"Sir, I have no respect for his lordship."

"No, young man; nor for any body else, I think."

"I pay it, Sir, where I owe it."

"The man will have something to do, who sets himself the task of correcting your errors."

"It is too much even for a Doctor of divinity. I ought to be grateful however, for the intention; and to return the obligation where I can. You yourself, Sir, seem to have one small error. I recommend officiousness to your correction."

The Doctor's face grew red with anger. In a raised tone he said, "Let me tell you, young man——"

"Stop, Sir," said Hermsprong, rising; "by what right do you presume to speak to me with the tone of a master? I owe you no obedience; and despise you for your tyrannical and contentious spirit. Mr. Tunny, let another room be prepared for Mr. Glen and I. Mr. Woodcock, when the Doctor chuses to leave a place where he had no right to intrude, we shall be glad of your company."

Mr. Hermsprong left the room as he said this, and was followed by Glen.

C H A P. XIII.

"IS this," Mr. Hermsprong asked, "a general specimen of the English clergy?"

"By no means," replied Mr. Glen; "except a certain portion of rancour against those who differ from them in religion or politics (an effect probably springing from their *l'esprit du corps*,) they are in general rather amiable than otherwise. But they are men. Sometimes, in their too earnest desire of the good things here below, they are apt to forget those above. They are wise, however; and if unfortunately they are assaulted by any violent cupidities, they commonly take the proper means of obtaining them. Doctor Blick, for example, having been seized with that capital disorder, the love of accumulation, has furnished himself with a proper quantity of adulation, which has answered his purpose well; he has church preferment to near 1000l. per annum; and has not, I am told, laid aside his expectations of a bishopric."

"And is the want of this agreeable quality," asked Hermsprong, "to be assigned as the cause of Mr. Woodcock's not rising in the church?"

"Alas!"

"Alas!" replied Glen, "not having been in the way of subjects on whom to practise, he has not taken the trouble to acquire it. Nor is this the only point of contrast betwixt himself and his reverend master. Besides, taking care not to lose any thing of his dues, by a foolish lenity, or by a love of peace, the Doctor knows it is his duty rather to govern than to teach his flock; and he governs *a la royale*, with imperious airs, and imperious commands. Woodcock, on the contrary, is one of the mildest of the sons of men. It is true, he preaches humility, but he practises it also; and takes pains by example, as well as precept, to make his parishioners good, in all their offices, their duties and relations. To the poor, he is indeed a blessing; for he gives comfort, when he has nothing else to give. To him they apply when sick; he gives them simple medicines; when they are in doubt, he gives them wholesome counsels. He is learned too, and liberal in his opinions; but of manners so simple, and so ignorant of fashion and folly, that to appear in the world would subject him to infinite ridicule."

"You give me," said Mr. Hermsprong, "a desire to know all that can be known of so good, and I suppose so odd a man."

"He was," says Glen, "the only child
of

of an honest shop-keeper at Truro; who having saved some money, yielded to the instigation of his wife, who wished to see her son a gentleman. In consequence he went to Cambridge, went through his respondentia with applause, and took his degrees. After this he returned home, to shew his father and mother how well they had laid their money out, and to wait promotion. This, however, never came. Instead of it, there happened a bankruptcy of a capital miner; with whom Mr. Woodcock, the father, had lodged all the money he did not employ in trade. This broke the old man's heart; and after his death, his debts and effects, compared, exclusive of the money due from the miner, left a balance in his mother's favour of only 200*l*. A little time the widow kept on trade; but not understanding it, she had more of loss than gain. The young man then advertized for a curacy; which happened at the lucky moment, when Dr. Blick had obtained the patronage of Lord Grondale, by activity and certain skilful manœuvres, in a contested election, which, but for him, it was said, would have gone against his lordship's candidate. The opposite party, indeed, threatened the Doctor with a prosecution for certain matters which had only prescription to support them,

them, not law; and which trenched a little upon moral honesty; but it soon appeared to be a hopeless business. For, besides that moral honesty is seldom applied as an agent in elections, it was found that Dr. Blick was an approved man, orthodox in church and state; such a man as these bad times want.

"The livings of Grondale and Sithin had been vacant almost a month. Lord Grondale had promised them to a Mr. Edwards, a very worthy man. It was pity. Dr. Blick applied, and it was almost impossible not to reward such and such recent merit. Mr. Edwards was abroad, tutor to a young gentleman, but daily expected home. So Lord Grondale ventured to give the livings, and excuse it to Edwards in the best manner possible. At last it occurred to his lordship, that the promise was verbal, and made three or four years ago; and that he might easily forget it. So he forgot it.

"Dr. Blick accepted Mr. Woodcock as his curate, on the stipend of 40l. per annum, to which he afterwards generously added 5l. more, on condition of undertaking the duty of both churches, when the Doctor happened to be absent, or indisposed; and he has been so often indisposed

ed to the office, that it has almost wholly devolved upon the curate.

“Upon this splendid revenue, Woodcock and his mother supported existence some years, till the bankrupt’s affairs were settled; and at length received 1400l. This was wealth indeed. The mother enjoyed it three years, and died. The son, after his first sorrows were over, found himself very much alone; and at length discovered that the summit of human felicity is not to be reached without a wife. But on the subject of women he was peculiarly delicate. The lady he honoured with his hand, must be as perfect as the frail state of mortality will permit. For her person, it must be genteel; she must be beautiful in face, and elegant in dress. She must be pious and charitable; well read, and well instructed in domestic affairs; moreover she must be richly endowed with all the virtues.

“Miss Dorothea Barton was the daughter of a farmer, a mile distant. Mr. Woodcock had seen her once or twice during the life of his mother; but he did not then think of a wife; and, indeed, the young lady did not perfectly correspond with the beautiful idea in the parson’s mind. So he thought not of her, till happening to drink tea at Mr. Snape’s, the miller, he met

met her there; and as Mrs. Snape lamented that her husband was not at home, to attend the young lady back, it became a necessary piece of gallantry in the parson, to offer himself as her escort. Miss Barton had been a virgin ten years longer than the fitness of things required, no doubt, owing to her extreme cruelty; but time disposes maidens to abate their rigour towards men. She was well read; for her brother had the goodness to bring her all the novels from the circulating library of the next market town; and she spoke of love with an enthusiasm that must have been irresistible to a man of feeling. She said it was the cordial drop of life; and she said it as she was getting over a stile. The stile was high; she was rather awkward; and there was a breeze which did not permit her petticoats the full force of gravitation. Instead of looking up in her beautiful face, and assisting her properly, the curate had thrown his eyes upon a sweet pretty foot, and a pillar, perhaps of the Corinthian order, which it supported. All this created a sort of confusion of ideas probably in both their heads. Miss Barton said, O dear! and almost tumbled into the parson's arms. What would have been the consequence, had they not opened to receive her, I cannot tell; what was the
con-

consequence, his own church bells, within fifteen days, proclaimed to the universe. So Mr. Woodcock got a wife; a good one; one of the notables; and as fruitful as the vine which covers the south-west end of his parsonage house. I fear, however, that this will prove a most unfortunate night."

Mr. Hermsprong was about to enquire why, when a distant noise was heard, as it should seem, of angry people. Soon after the parlour door was opened; Dr. Blick walked in hasty majesty to his carriage; saying, as he went, I have done with you, Woodcock,—I have done with you; a parson, and tainted with principles almost republican! I have done with you; I repeat my warning; get another curacy, if you are able, in a month. I,—I foster a man whose divinity is unsound, and his loyalty questionable!"

"My opinions," answered Woodcock, "you have long known: I neither conceal them, as if they disgraced me,—nor officially promulgate them, as if they did me honour. How is it, that borne so long, you are so enraged against them to-night?"

"If," the Doctor replied, "I have borne with them, it was out of pity to your family. I never liked them, nor you; and I don't

don't like you the better, for taking the part of a young coxcomb against me; and telling me to my teeth, that I was wrong in argument, and rude in manner."

"I told you so," said the curate, "because it was truth; which as you are so little able to bear, and since you have explained yourself so fully, I accept your warning; and give you warning in my turn, to provide yourself, if you are able, with another curate in a month. So, I wish you a good night."

The Doctor vociferated something about insolence, mounted his carriage, and was driven off.

C H A P. XIV.

THE curate, animated by the spirit which prompted the reply of the last chapter, entered to his friends; to whom he was beginning an apology for the introduction of the Doctor——

"Who, notwithstanding, introduced himself," said Glen, smiling.

VOL. I.

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"That

"That is true," the curate replied; "but I was the cause."

"But I did not do it with malice aforethought," said Glen, taking the curate's tone and manner. "But," he continued, "how should I be angry at a thing which has exhibited my friend in a new and interesting light? I thought him almost incapable of indignation."

"I own," says the curate, "I do not love the stormy passions; and employ all my poor stock of philosophy to keep them down. But you know the proverb, Tread upon a worm, &c. This night I have been less affronted in myself than in my friends, if Mr. Hermsprong will permit me to use the appellation."

Mr. Hermsprong replied, that Glen had been giving him a compendium of his history. The worthy man predominated in it. His friendship would give him pleasure.

The curate made a reply expressive of gratitude.

"Since it is so," said Mr. Hermsprong, "why should we not leap the boundaries of ceremony, that bane of true affection,—be at once old friends, and enquire what effect the quarrel of this night may have upon your happiness, Mr. Woodcock, and upon that of your family?"

"I must

"I must own," the curate replied, "we are not invulnerable to the attacks of fortune. But there are more curacies in the world; and, besides, it is not a world intended to produce flowers alone; there will be thorns intermingled. I have a very good wife, and four sweet girls. If God give them grace, they have never been in much danger from the evils of luxury in my house, nor likely to be. No matter. As Mr. Prior says, bread we shall eat, or white or brown."

"And is 45l. per annum, so immense a sum," said Mr. Hermsprong, "that it can be supplied you no other way?"

"All ways," replied Mr. Woodcock, "are interdicted to a parson, except the press; and before he attempts that, he should be persuaded that he is possessed of some kind of talent, which may profit his readers as well as himself; now, I have not yet persuaded myself of this."

"Have you any proof to the contrary?" asked Glen.

"I know not but I may," the curate answered; "but it is a secret which I have not trusted even to my wife. However, as it is not uncommon to keep wives ignorant of what all the world beside is acquainted with, I will venture to tell you. Once upon a time Mrs. Woodcock was

patching up some matters of apparel for our young folks, when one of them, a vivacious thoughtless little thing, made a motion that utterly undid what my wife had been doing for the last hour. Now, Mrs. Woodcock is a very good woman; but she is a woman; and it is only for philosophers, and I believe, for the philosophers of past times, to bear patiently the ruin of a work almost-completed by their own labour. Mrs. Woodcock could not. First, she slapped the child, then scolded it. Next she looked at the work, sat herself down in despair, and cried. I then thought it proper to begin with a few words of comfort; but I soon found they would at present be thrown away. I ventured, however, upon a little reproof for her want of patience. "Preach patience, Mr. Woodcock," she returned, "in the pulpit; what you say there is all good and gospel, and woe be to those who offer to contradict you; but out of the pulpit, Mr. Woodcock, you know no more than other people, and perhaps not so much. I think, for my part, parsons have the faculty of not knowing most things that are useful. I wonder what their learning is good for, if they can't turn it to some profit."

"Now,

"Now, I must do Mrs. Woodcock the justice to own, that this was a strain in which she does not often indulge herself: She is a good woman, but not quite so quick in comprehending the force of my arguments as I could wish. In the beginning of our marriage, I took some pains to convince her of men's natural and legal superiority. I quoted St. Paul, and quoted Juvenal. She was sure St. Paul was not inspired when he wrote my quotation; and as to Juvenal, he was a snarling ill-natured fellow, and she durst to say, monstrous ugly. At last, as I made but an imperfect progress, I thought that domestic peace was better preserved by silence, and by overlooking small faults; for Virgil has said, the dear sex were averse to parting even with a fault, if they have had it any time in possession.

"However, if Mrs. Woodcock did not profit by my suggestions; I saw no reason why I might not by hers. "I wonder what their learning is good for," came across me pretty often; and the press along with it. At last I came to a resolution; and as sermons are the natural production of a parson, I set myself down to correct and new model a dozen of my own; which I sent to a bookseller in the sermon way, in London; at the same time

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letting

letting him know what I expected for the copy right. This was five guineas a sermon. I received them back by the first coach, with a civil letter enough; in which he allowed this to be an age of piety; and that some sort of sermons sold very well. Mine were not of that sort. Moral practical religion was not the taste. Sermons, to succeed now, must either ascend to the heaven of heavens with Swedenborg, or must pour out, with pious effusion, and in the most vituperative terms the English tongue will afford, death and damnation to the French. So far from being able to afford the price I asked, he durst not even venture to print them on his own account; but if I chose to run the risque, I might make the experiment with two or three; and he hoped he should be able to prevent its costing me above ten or twelve pounds, supposing the worst. This offer I accepted; but with injunctions of secrecy; for I thought, in case the public did not chuse to read my sermons, there would be no great gratification of vanity, in owning myself the author. I did not even acquaint Mrs. Woodcock; not only because of the difficulty ladies are said to have in keeping a secret, but also, as I did not certainly know the turn her mind might take on the occasion; whether she
would

would attribute my ill success to want of piety in the people, or want of talent in myself; and as reverence for my abilities, out of the pulpit, did not seem to be too abundant with my wife, I did not chuse to risque its diminution.

“My sermons were printed, twenty-seven copies sold; and, at the expiration of a year, my bibliopolist sends me his account, balance in his favour *gl. 11s. 6d.* at the same time informing me he thought I might succeed in the novel line. To me, however, this does not seem probable: A novel writer ought to be well acquainted with human life and character; I know little of either: Besides, as novels are now pretty generally considered as the lowest of all human productions, I know not whether it is for the dignity of my cloth to have any thing to do with them. However, as the press opens its mouth to swallow all things, from a primer to an Encyclopedia,—from Tom Thumb to Paradise Lost,—I have taken a couple of years to consider with what offerings I shall make my next approaches to it; and it is probable the affair of this night may serve to quicken my determination.”

“And how,” says Mr. Hermsprong, “do you think it will suit my feelings, to

see the man I call my friend, reduced to write for bread; whilst I, the cause of it, have superfluity beyond my inclination to use—or abuse?”

The curate looked with a face of wonder.

“That air of surprise,” said Mr. Herm sprong, “seems to check my presumption; and indeed the liberty I have taken is too great for the present state of our acquaintance. I ought first to have been more entitled to your esteem.”

“Really,” Mr. Woodcock replied, “I own my surprise, and that I have not yet got rid of it. This mode of obligation is so uncommon in these parts.”

“I hope,” said Herm sprong, “we may be able soon to get rid of the word obligation so applied; with all its humiliating appendages; for the present, let us close the subject.”

So the rest of the evening was spent with cheerfulness; the conversation turning principally on the everlasting subjects, metaphysics and politics; of the first of which man can *know* nothing,—and of the last, will not. At least it is so in England, at the moment I am now writing; the order of the day, as they say in France, being determined ignorance.

“You have, no doubt, Sir, read with
attention

attention the author you now so liberally abuse?"

"I, Sir!—I read him!—No, Sir,—nor the Macintoshes, the Flowers, or the Christies;—I never read a line in any of them—nor ever will."

"It is the way, Sir, to be well informed."

C H A P. XV.

MISS FLUART to MISS CAMPINET.

ONCE upon a time, in a fit of gravity, with which she is apt to be troubled at times, a young lady of my acquaintance asked me if I ever cried in my life? I cannot say what I told her then, but I tell her now, Yes, the very hour I was born, and several times since; once very lately, on the perusal of a letter from my Caroline. I was an orphan, you know, my dear; and my thoughts of this circumstance, when I first began to think, were, that it was a situation to be pitied,

even in affluence. You are not an orphan *quite*; and yet I own you have a far greater claim to pity than myself. You have a distressing prospect before you, of your aunt's long illness and death; and one much worse to succeed it. I must come to help you to bear them both. To your aunt I know I shall be welcome; to his lordship I must endeavour to become so; for it is in his house principally you will want my wise advice and protection,—a house abounding in pastimes not seemly for maidens who have been taught their catechisms and their I believes.

“There,—in this last half paragraph, I recognize my own style and manner. I was not born to say grave and wise things.

“I think it is now a month since the return of our fugitive; a true penitent, no doubt; humble, docile, and peculiarly obedient to papa and mamma. I know not what better proof I can give of all this, than that for the first fortnight she was tolerably dumb. Indeed, it was not necessary for any one to talk but Mrs. Sumelin, whose collection of admonitions, to render young women prudent, is certainly inexhaustible. Oh, could I but call them to mind just at the time of need, there would not be such another discreet girl in all these parts. To Miss Harriet I should

should have supposed they were mother's milk, only a little four sometimes, if one might judge by a certain odd kind of a tossing of the head,—by a sort of flashing of her fair eyes,—and by a prudent reserve, which some malevolent people might call fulkiness. Mr Sumelin's mode is very different from his lady's. His way is, to speak his mind once for all, and have done with it.

"Enough," says he, yesterday, "and too much of this eternal theme. If the girl had robbed a church, to have suffered this everlasting torrent of wisdom, would have been a sufficient expiation of her crime."

"Nay, I'll say that for you," Mrs. Sumelin replies, "provided you can get money, and enjoy your bottle, you care not how your family goes on. If any thing had happened to me ten years since, I wonder what your daughters would have been?"

"Humph! the wisdom of women is admirable; we are for ever called upon to animadvert upon their errors, by the blundering provocation of their tongues. Charlotte has been this ten years from under your wing; Harriet has had the full benefit of your maternal clucking, and this is its fruits."

"This

"This was too much for mortal female endurance. Mrs. Sumelin took fire,—and, oh dear! how she did blaze. But, as my guardian says, the wisdom of women is admirable; Mrs. Sumelin, in the course of rapid declamation, so far forgot things as to defend her dear Harriet from head to foot, imprudence and all."

"Then," my guardian asked, as soon as he could be heard, "why do you eternally scold her for faults, if she has committed none?"

"You catch one up so, Mr. Sumelin; to be sure I did not mean to say quite that; but for your part you take no pains to instruct your children, nor never did. I don't believe you have ever said one word to Harriet about this business."

"What need? when I have a dear industrious wife, who takes the department of lecturing into her own hands, and performs it so ably."

"You are enough to provoke a stone wall. I have not patience with you."

"I don't expect it, my dear. Only have the goodness not to torment yourself. You were in the humour just now to think Harriet's fault a small one. With all my heart. The law does not call it an offence at all. It gives young women leave to chuse their own husbands after twenty-one; or before, provided

provided they do not marry in England. Harriet, you see, did nothing illegal. She was going out of England, that she might not sin against the law. But the law also allows fathers to dispose of their acquired property as they please. To this inconvenience, Harriet must submit. She loves Mr. Filligrove. I do not. To him, therefore, I shall give nothing. To her, or rather to trustees, for her, just as much as will supply her with the common comforts of life. So she will have bread to her love; and if she can get love to her bread, she may be as well off as most of her neighbours. I leave her at liberty, and desire you, my dear, to do the same. I request your silence upon what has past for ever. Do not lay me under the necessity of imposing it upon you as a penance."

"With this polite hint my guardian retired.

"Mrs. Sumelin blessed herself she was not born a man; men were so positive and tyrannical. But this is all along of you, Harriet.

"Well," says the young lady, "do, for heaven's sake! mother, let us hear no more of it. It is enough to tire a horse. Since I have my papa's approbation ——"

"Appro-

"Approbation!" Mrs. Sumelin cries out; "you impertinent creature! approbation!"

"But I will weary you no longer, my Caroline. They went fairly to it, and Miss Harriet supported her part with spirit. Ever since, she has got up, as they say, surprisingly; and can now give her opinion on a new cap, or a man, just as usual. For Mr. Hermsprong she seems to have a tolerable aversion. How she got it, I do not know. It may be simply his tearing her from dear Mr. Filligrove; but there are other possibilities. Two days and two nights they travelled by sea; two days and two nights by land. Could he be playing the grave preceptor all this time? She the humble penitent? His account is monstrous modest and respectful—and all that,—but maugre. I wish I knew.

Ever your own,

MARIA FLUART.

P. S. "Pray, tell my dear Mrs. Merrick I will be with her in a week; and I will make her well."

C H A P.

C H A P. XVI.

“**I** Wish I knew,” said the lovely Miss Fluart, at the close of her letter ; and it is not impossible but I may have lovely readers, who would like to know also ; for it is certain, although Mr. Hermsprong had told the truth, he had not told the whole truth. As I am not a man to refuse to gratify a laudable curiosity, I will tell my fair readers all I know about it.

Mr. Hermsprong had arrived at Ostend, in his road from Saxony to England. He had no sooner retired to his apartment for the night than he heard, in the adjoining chamber, two voices ; one soft, tremulous, and plaintive ; the other rather harsh, and the tone more like one reproving than complaining. When Mr. Hermsprong had laid down in his bed, assisted by the silence of the night, and perhaps by darkness, he could hear a few sentences distinctly.

“What have you done !” says the stronger voice. “Why, what have you done, but what every young lady of spirit ought to do, chose a husband for yourself.”

“And lost a father.”

“As

"As well lost as found, if he's as hard-hearted as you think him."

"Dear Miss Wavel, how you talk? What must become of us, if he does not forgive us! Mr. Filligrove, you know, has nothing."

"Nothing but love, and that's worth every thing else. But what do you talk of not being forgiven for? All the grand young ladies run away now a days; and are always forgiven. Nay, I declare I know two whose mothers like them the better for it. And then, Miss Sumelin, you have not eloped for no ill, but to marry, and live respectable in the world. If it had been for any evil, for sure it never would have been countenanced by me. You know my character too well for that. Every body knows me. I have lived in Falmouth from a little child; thank God, with the best reputation; though but small means. I might have been married more than once, but never would, because I could not find a man that turned to God with his whole heart. Something carnal and worldly mixed with their love. My piety is well known; nay, I may say, it is edifying. I have scarcely missed divine service five times in twenty years. And God has granted me my reward; patience and resignation

resignation in this life, and assurance of a better."

"I believe you are a good woman, Miss Wavel; and but for your advice and assistance, I never should have ventured upon such a rash imprudent step as I have now taken. And God knows what will be the consequence here; for all Mr. Filligrove's money, you know, is gone; and none of us know a single soul in this strange place."

"Oh, Mr. Fillygrove will find a way to get over all difficulties. Poor dear young man. To be sure it was impossible to see him going into a decline for love. You would have killed him with your cruelty, Miss Sumelin, and then have died yourself of sorrow for it."

In this strain went the dialogue on, till Mr. Hermsprong was weary of listening to it; which indeed he never would have done at all, but that the name of Sumelin struck his ears; and when to this was added Falmouth, he could not but suppose that the young lady was the daughter of the only man with whom he had correspondence in England; and from whom he could expect any of the kind offices of friendship; of the man to whom he was now going, and whose house he had an invitation to use as his own, so long as his pleasure or convenience would allow it.

Mr.

Mr. Hermsprong also knew that his friend's family consisted of a wife and two daughters; and he thought that the daughters of a man so worthy must have some merit. From the canting piety of her companion he concluded the young lady was betrayed; and that for her father's sake, if not her own, it might be a meritorious deed to save her. With these notions floating in his brain, he fell asleep.

In the morning, he saw in the garden of the hotel a young man smartly dressed, with a face white as his cambric ruffles, leaning his head against the wall. This, as Mr. Hermsprong suspected, was the love-favoured Mr. Filligrove, who had made too free with the wine of Ostend the preceding evening; wanting probably more, or other comfort than the lady had to bestow.

Mr. Hermsprong passed him with a good morrow. With more alacrity than his languid air promised, he sprung after him, with his offered hand, after the English mode.

"I am so pleased, to see a countryman," says he; "would you believe it,—damme if the stupid rascals here understand a word I say."

Mr. Hermsprong, in whose esteem Mr. Filligrove did not stand high, and his foppish

pish dress and familiar manner, was not calculated to increase it, said, but not with a tone of asperity, "If it is stupidity in these people, not to understand your language; what is it in you, not to understand theirs?"

"Oh, damme, you're peery," returns the other; "but never mind; will you assist a poor devil in the damn'dst dilemma possible? Come you look like an honest fellow; one that would not hurt the good old cause. A lady has done me the honour to run away with me: A 50,000 pounder. But charges have run damn'd high; for I hired a whole packet from Dover, because I did not chuse the lady should be bundled up with all sorts of scrubs: Now I want a parson; and how to get one, curse me if I know; and if I had one, the devil a piece of gold have I to give him; reduced down to a few shillings."

"You have bank notes, no doubt; gentlemen, on these occasions, seldom come slenderly provided."

"I had threescore guineas in my purse when I set out. Who the devil would have thought I should have been stripped of that in four or five days?"

"Well, Sir; you shall not want cash for any honourable design."

"Thank you, my buck. Damme, I saw you

you was an honest fellow. But what shall we do for a parson? ”

“ They are to be procured here without much difficulty.”

“ We shall want a father too, to give her away. If you would be kind enough to do us that service too?”

“ Fathers should know their daughters.”

“ My girl is so damned shy. However I will tell her the case, and I dare say we shall cook it.”

Off ran Fillygrove, to communicate his joyful tidings to the ladies. Miss Sumelin was crying; possibly from a little sprinkling of repentance; for as the Duke Rochefoucault said, or might have said, for the remark is in his way,—we are never truly sorry for our faults till we begin to suffer for them. Miss Wavel was administering comfort, in the awkward way of those who had no comfort, to give. Fillygrove began to pour out his joy, at first, with too little connexion.

“ A good honest fellow! I know it by his face. I never was deceived in a man’s face. That’s he there, walking in the garden.”

“ What nonsense is all this?” asked Miss Harriet. “ I declare, Mr. Fillygrove, I think you get sillier every day.”

“ Sillier

“Sillier! Miss Sumelin?” Now it never had occurred to Mr. Fillygrove that he could have been the subject of such an epithet. “Sillier! I wonder a person of your wisdom would think of marrying a filly fellow.”

“Because,” the lady answered with great quickness, “because I was as silly as himself.”

This indiscretion produced a very serious quarrel; in which he told her, that if she could find the way to England, he was willing enough to go back thither without a wife. She said she would crawl thither on her hands and knees, sooner than marry a man who had used her so basely. Having said all the disagreeable things, to each other, anger could supply, love, under the mediation of Miss Wavel, took again its turn; they kissed and cried; and cried and kissed; in short, had so violent a love fit, that it was well the guardian of the young ad y's honour was present in the person of Miss Wavel. At last Mr. Fillygrove came to the business which had brought him; informed Miss Sumelin of the stranger's generosity; wished she would have the goodness to go down into the garden; he was sure the gentleman would speak to her, and then she might judge for herself.

“You

"You will go with me?" said she.

"Certainly, if you desire it Miss; but in my opinion you will do better without me; for when a lady solicits—you know what the poet says——"

What the poet says, I know not; but the lady consented to go alone; and had almost passed Mr. Hermsprong upon the terrace walk unnoticed; this gentleman being at the instant in deep consideration on the means he should employ to disengage her from what he concluded was a thoughtless and childish business; a rustling awakened him; from her dress, and her eyes red with recent weeping, he had no doubt who it was; and bowing with great respect, said, "Is it Miss Sumelin of Falmouth I have the pleasure to see?"

She, supposing Fillygrove had communicated her name, though angry at his indiscretion, answered in the affirmative by a courtesy and a blush.

"Is there any thing, Miss Sumelin, [in which I can have the happiness to serve you in Ostend?"

Miss Sumelin thought this an odd question from a man, who, she supposed, had just been made acquainted with the nature of the service in which he was to be employed.

"Sir!"

"Sir!" says she, with an air of some surprise.

"If Miss Sumelin will honour me with her commands, I shall be happy to shew her how much I am devoted to her service."

"Sir," says she again, "has not a gentleman—a—a young gentleman—in blue—a Mr. Fillygrove——"

"Yes, madam; but I take no commands from Mr. Fillygrove. If you will condescend to honour me, Miss Sumelin."

"But has not Mr. Fillygrove informed you, Sir,—that—that—of the cause—Sir—the cause of my leaving England."

"He has indeed, given me very surprising and very disagreeable information."

"Really, Sir," said the lady, with a small degree of anger, "I cannot see why—to you—it should be either surprising or disagreeable."

"Is it not surprising that Miss Sumelin should have recourse to a clandestine marriage? Miss Sumelin! a lady who has only to be seen and known, to engage all hearts! Certainly any gentleman might be proud of this fair hand."

And he took this fair hand, and respectfully imprinted a kiss upon it; the lady being so astonished, or alarmed, or something, that she had not the presence of mind
to

to withdraw it angrily, as undoubtedly most of my fair readers will think she ought.

Before I proceed, let me ask if the great question, whether it be lawful to do evil, that good may come, is finally settled? I hope it is decided in the affirmative? otherwise I know not what to plead for Mr. Hermsprong in the critical case before us. He was certainly saying the thing that was not; and love, which excuseth all things, he had not; he had pity only; compassion for a respectable father, and a silly girl, who was probably running to misery for life.

"Besides," says a learned critic, whose judgment I respect, "it is a deviation from character; for the basis of Mr. Hermsprong's is simple truth."

"Yes," I answer, "to lords; but to ladies, on certain great occasions—"

But certainly Mr. Hermsprong is entitled to the praise of politeness. He told the lady she was handsome, in the most elegant way possible. If a lady is so, she seldom waits for that intelligence from man. Though not disagreeable to be told so, it is not necessary for information. If a lady is not handsome, which happened to be Miss Sumelin's case, a gentleman has it in his power to create a new existence---and such an existence! I know not but it may equal rank itself.

"If

"If I were you," says my friendly critic, "I would not often indulge myself in digressions of this sort; they break action and interrupt dialogue. How awkward it is to suffer Mr. Hermsprong to be kissing the lady's hand, whilst you scribble two or three pages."

I wonder whether there are any ladies who can be displeased with a digression so much in favour of the lovely sex? but critics have no complaisance.

As Miss Sumelin did not withdraw her hand, it was not in the nature of things that Mr. Hermsprong should give it up; so he kept possession whilst they paced the terrace together. There was silence for a minute; for the gentleman did not know very well what farther to say, nor the lady to reply. At length she said, rather a little abruptly, "Pray, Sir, did you ever see me before?"

"No, madam," answered Mr. Hermsprong; "but that is my misfortune; I might have seen you before you had engaged your heart, had I earlier known its value. Your father is my friend. To your house I am now going. My name is Hermsprong, madam."

"Mr. Hermsprong! oh dear! well, I declare this is the most extraordinary thing! Yes, Sir, I know you are expected; there is no gentleman in the world my father talks of so much."

"I shall see him with double pleasure, madam, if I am so happy as to be able to do a service to his daughter."

"I believe Mr. Fillygrove is in some distress, Sir,—and—"

"On your account, Miss Sumelin, Mr. Fillygrove should be welcome to my purse, if I could forget the use he designs to make of it."

Miss Sumelin did not answer; she did not even look up.

"Pray," the gentleman asked, "in what situation is Mr. Fillygrove?"

"Sir," says the lady blushing, "he is only my father's clerk; but I assure you, Sir, he is very accomplished."

"I am unhappily so ignorant as not to know the exact meaning of this pretty word accomplishment."

"Oh, but you do Sir; for you must be very accomplished yourself."

"Must I, madam? It is a most charming necessity. Pray, is it made up of honour and honesty, of learning, of knowledge, of virtue, of integrity?"

"It's made up of every thing that is elegant and genteel."

"Then I fear I have not hit upon the proper ingredients."

Mr. Fillygrove, at this instant, came dancing forward in the familiar style; a damme,

damme, my buck, was ready to burst from his lips, when an "Oh dear, Mr. Fillygrove, do you know that this gentleman is Mr. Hermsprong," sunk him into littleness; an effect, possibly, of the estimation he knew that gentleman was held in by Mr. Sumelin; or, more probably, of a certain quantity of thousands which Mr. Fillygrove himself had given him credit for in his master's books.

Mr. Fillygrove, as soon as he could speak, said, he hoped Mr. Hermsprong would pardon the familiarity he had treated him with this morning, and do them the honour to take a breakfast, which was then ready.

Mr. Hermsprong accepted the latter proposal, and had the goodness, as he led her along, to say many obliging things to Miss Sumelin, which, it is probable, she was full as much pleased with as Mr. Fillygrove, who seemed changed all at once, from the pert coxcomb to the sullen boy.

Miss Wavel was preparing the tea; Mr. Hermsprong was announced; but as this lady had not before heard him spoken of, she thought nothing more of him than that he was the good-natured gentleman Mr. Fillygrove had just become acquainted with; and she was surprised to find this young man mute, Miss Sumelin reserved,

the stranger pensive, and inattentive to the little attentions which, as dispenser of the breakfast, she had an opportunity to shew him.

Breakfast over, Mr. Hermsprong addressed Miss Sumelin, requesting she would favour him with her company in his parlour, or in the garden.

"But, pray, Sir," said Miss Wavel, "have you any thing particular to say to Miss Sumelin?"

"I have, madam," answered Hermsprong.

"But, Sir, I must beg leave to inform you, Sir, that Miss Sumelin, Sir, has put herself more peculiarly under my care, Sir, so that it is not proper any thing should be said to her, that is not said before me."

"Do you confirm this, Miss Sumelin?" asked Hermsprong.

Miss Sumelin said, with some degree of confusion, "She could not deny that she had relied very much upon Miss Wavel."

"Very well; the garden is a private one; we shall all be less liable to interruption there than here," said Hermsprong, leading Miss Sumelin; the other two condescending to follow; but not in very placid dispositions.

"I think you are very ill treated, Mr. Fillygrove," whispered Miss Wavel.

"Yes,

"Yes, damme, so do I."

"You are a gentleman, as well as he: Speak your mind; and ask him, before he begins to give his impertinent advice, whether he means to oblige you, as he promised, or not."

"So I will," said Fillygrove, "So I will," advancing. "Pray, Mr. Hermsprong,—I beg to know—I desire to be informed—whether you are disposed to oblige us, as you promised this morning?"

"Certainly," Mr. Hermsprong replied, "I am disposed to oblige Miss Sumelin; but not convinced that the mode of assistance you require, would be an obligation."

"What the devil do you mean by that?"

"I mean, Sir," said Mr. Hermsprong, "that Miss Sumelin may one day think she has been too precipitate in a matter of infinite consequence; and I would save her all possible regret."

"This was treating Miss Sumelin very like a child indeed," Miss Wavel said.

"How it may appear in your eyes, madam," Mr. Hermsprong replied, "is of little consequence to me. In mine, Miss Sumelin seems to have been driven to error by the influence of passion, or by some other influence, perhaps still more malignant," looking Miss Wavel steadfastly in the face. "Miss Sumelin," he continued,

"is very young, and probably has not considered the consequences of a clandestine marriage,—of offending her father,—of disgracing perhaps her family."

"Sir!" says Fillygrove, assuming a big look.

"I venture to make the supposition, Mr. Fillygrove," Mr. Hermsprong said, "because if you had just pretensions to the honour of Miss Sumelin's hand, you would have taken more honourable methods to have obtained it."

"Honourable, Sir," said Fillygrove.

"Honourable, Mr. Fillygrove," replied Mr. Hermsprong.

"This is damn'd odd usage," said the other. "Honourable!"

"Miss Sumelin, will you permit me to enquire if your father's consent has been asked?"

"No," replied Miss Wavel; "we knew it would not have been granted."

"Pray, why?" asked Mr. Hermsprong.

"Why! why, because it would not. I don't understand why gentlemen should ask questions which don't concern 'em."

"I presume," said Mr. Hermsprong, "I have the honour of speaking to some near relation of yours, Miss Sumelin?"

"What signifies it, whether I am a relation or not?"

"Miss

"Miss Sumelin is it your pleasure that my respectful questions to you should be answered by this lady?"

"Yes," replied Miss Wavel; "for she is under my care."

"To be very sincere with you, madam," Mr. Hermsprong said, "your care appears to deserve the animadversion of a court of justice; and take care it has it not."

"Me! me!" says the enraged Miss Wavel, "I defy you; it is well known that I am a person of character and piety; and, Mr. Fillygrove, if you had the spirit of a man, you would not see me insulted in this cruel manner, and all for you."

"Sir, I think this very improper treatment," said Fillygrove, "and I demand satisfaction."

"Of what sort?" asked Mr. Hermsprong, coolly.

"Of a gentleman, Sir! I don't travel without pistols."

"I think, Mr. Fillygrove," said Hermsprong, with a smile, "we had better leave this species of folly to gentlemen born, if it gets among gentlemen by assumption, where will it stop?"

"That," says Miss Wavel, "is as much as to say you are no gentleman; though it's well known your father has above a hundred a-year in land."

"Yes, Sir ; do you say I'm no gentleman?" asked Fillygrove.

"I allow your title, Sir, as far as your father's hundred a-year can give it you. It does not seem to be due to you by your manners, or your morals, if this enterprize is to be taken as a specimen."

"Damme if you don't say every thing you can to provoke me ; and curse me if I'll bear it," said Fillygrove, advancing with an air of menace."

"Impertinence, before ladies," said Mr. Hermsprong, "does not merit a gentleman's chastisement. Take that, Sir, which is due to you," giving the young man a hearty shake, and carrying him off with violence to some distance ; "there," he said, "Mr. Fillygrove, I am sorry you oblige me to use you with contempt. Forbear, before ladies, the airs and language of a duellist ; if, when we separate, you incline to that mode of satisfaction, I am quite ready to indulge you."

Mr. Fillygrove was rather inclined to be sick. Miss Sumelin had given a little shriek, and looked, and was indeed affrighted. Miss Wavel had infinitely more rage than terror.

"If I were a man," said she, "I would die before I would be treated in this manner."

"Good

"Good God!" said Mr. Fillygrove, "what would you have? Don't you see my dear Miss Sumelin is dying with fear; but don't be apprehensive, my dear creature; I would not distress you for the world; I will not call Mr. Hermsprong out; I won't, indeed, my dear."

"Miss Sumelin," said Mr. Hermsprong, "I am weary of these follies. With this gentleman and this lady I can have no concern: They do not entitle themselves to my esteem. If you will permit me to be your friend, I shall think it an honour. At least, give me the opportunity of half an hour's conversation with yourself. If after that you chuse to persist in your undertaking, with all good wishes for your future felicity, I must submit."

"Sir," said Miss Harriet, "I will attend you."

Whilst Hermsprong was leading her back to the hotel, Miss Wavel began her abuse of Fillygrove; which she extended so far, that the young man's patience gave way; he retorted her abuse, and swore that he would go back to England without troubling himself any more about her.

"You—you fool," says she, "you have not sense to find your way back,---you know you have not. Have not I been obliged to direct every thing? and where will you have money to pay your passage?"

"I'll sell my watch," replied Fillygrove; "it's a gold one of my grandmother's," and he put his hand to his fob. "Zounds," says he, "it's gone. Where the devil can it be? I am certain I had it when I first met Hermsprong. Oh dear! sure I could not have lost it upon Miss Sumelin's bed, when, when, you know, Miss Wavel, we staid a little after her."

Miss Wavel was frightened at this intelligence: "But come," says she, "we must seek for it. It's a very foolish thing, Mr. Fillygrove, for you and I to quarrel, so tenderly as we have been connected. And sure, if I did not love you, as dear Solomon says, beyond the love of women, I could never consent to give you up, for your own good, to a rival."

Mr. Fillygrove confessed her goodness, and they returned to seek the watch.

In the interim a German girl, a lower maid servant came into the room where Mr. Hermsprong was reasoning the matter with Miss Sumelin, with this very watch in her hand; and asked the lady, in her own language, if it was hers?

"Lord blefs me," says Miss Sumelin, "what does the girl say?"

"She enquires if that watch is your's," Mr. Hermsprong replied.

"No" Miss Sumelin said, "it was not;
but

but (looking at it) it is Mr. Fillygrove's; I know it by the chain. Pray, ask where she found it?"

Upon madam's bed, was the answer.

"Upon your bed, Miss Sumelin," said Mr. Hermsprong.

"Oh dear," the young lady exclaimed, "what a vile story! what do you deserve, you lying hussy!"

The girl could not answer, for she did not understand; she perceived the young lady angry, but had no notion of the cause.

"Mr. Hermsprong," said the lady, "I hope you give no credit to this audacious creature."

"I will believe precisely what you would have me, Miss Sumelin," Mr. Hermsprong answered. And yet, notwithstanding his complaisant powers of belief, he did, at this instant suspect an intimacy which Miss Sumelin had not formed.

At this moment Fillygrove and Miss Wavel passed by the window, having sought the watch in vain. Miss Sumelin ran to call them in.

"Here," says she, "here is your watch, Mr. Fillygrove; and the girl says she found it upon my bed."

"That's impossible, Miss," said Fillygrove;

grove; "impossible;" and he began to abuse the poor girl in rough English, snatching the watch out of her hand.

"Is this the way," Mr. Hermsprong asked, "in which you reward the girl for her honesty?"

"Damn her honesty! what does she lie for? But, perhaps, you have bribed her to it," says poor Fillygrove.

"You will have the goodness to correct that expression," says Mr. Hermsprong, coolly, "otherwise, (seizing him by the collar) I shall take the liberty to cane you, Mr. Fillygrove, till you feel your error pretty sensibly."

"Well, I will, I will, said Fillygrove, "what the devil would you have?"

"Very well, Sir. Now to the watch. Miss Sumelin, is it your pleasure to proceed in the enquiry, or permit it silently to drop?"

"Sir, I insist on enquiring. I can't bear such an odious supposition."

"This is your watch, Mr. Fillygrove?" asked Hermsprong.

"Yes, it is."

"Where did you lose it?"

"Zounds! that's what I want to know."

"This girl says she found it on Miss Sumelin's bed. Perhaps she mistakes one
room.

room for another. Will you, ladies, permit her to shew you."

"Yes, Sir," said Miss Sumelin, "and you shall go with us; for I will have my innocence cleared."

Mr. Hermsprong giving the maid directions, they all followed up stairs; and the girl, laying her hand on the bed in which the two English ladies had slept, "I found it," says she, "just here." Mr. Hermsprong interpreted.

"Oh dear," says Miss Wavel, "now I remember, I dare say it's all very true. You know, Mr. Fillygrove, that you came here this morning, to tell us of your meeting with this gentleman, and how he promised to be your friend. As to his friendship, one sees well enough what that is. And you know you asked Miss Sumelin to walk down into the garden; and when she was gone, you may remember how you threw yourself down upon the bed, and kissed the pillow on which she had lain; and how dearly you loved every thing that she had touched. To be sure then your watch fell out of your pocket."

"Yes, I remember all the whole circumstance now exactly," said Fillygrove.

"Very well," said Hermsprong; "you are satisfied, Miss Sumelin?"

"Are

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Hermsprong?" she asked.

"Perfectly," answered the gentleman. "To have been an eye-witness would scarce have convinced me more." Then giving the maid half a guinea, he dismissed her; and, addressing himself to Miss Wavel, he said, "You seem, madam, to have doubted the sincerity of my friendship for Mr. Fillygrove; you will doubt it no longer when I advise him — to marry you. Miss Sumelin, shall I attend you to renew our conversation?"

This young lady followed without a word; astonished herself, and leaving Fillygrove and Miss Wavel in a state of stupefaction, which seemed to have deprived them even of the power of abuse.

The creeping, fawning explanation of Miss Wavel, with the awkward acquiescence of Fillygrove, had turned what was suspicion of Miss Sumelin, in the mind of Mr. Hermsprong, into a certainty of his mistake; and, by the consideration of all the circumstances, he was convinced Miss Sumelin was a victim of treachery. Nor was it difficult to convince Miss Sumelin also, who now recollected a multitude of little matters, which were, in her present disposition of mind, proofs; although till this instant, not any of them had scarce created

created a suspicion; such unmerciful work do the passions of man and woman kind, make with their judgments.

But the question of returning back to Falmouth, always brought Miss Sumelin into a fit of something anciently called in England, the pouts. A lady falls into this fit usually, when reason, propriety, decorum, are against a thing which she has a great inclination to do; when she is unable to say any thing in its favour, yet cannot get it out of her head, or heart, as the case may be. At length, much urged, this sentiment fell from her lovely lips, "That it was well known she left Falmouth to—to—to change her condition; and not to do it,—what should she be but an object of ridicule to every body."

Mr. Hermsprong began to grow weary, and consequently grave. A deviation from rectitude, he said, seldom produced any thing but a choice of evils; and he asked which would be the greatest, to marry Mr. Fillygrove, after what had passed, or not to do it?

She did not know, she said; then casting her eyes upon the ground, with an air so modest and timid, she added, to be sure, after what had passed, there might be persons she should prefer.

What

What Miss Sumelin meant, I do not know. It is a little enigma, and I leave the solution to ladies. Mr. Hermsprong was trying to solve it, perhaps, for he was silent, when Miss Sumelin, raising her timid eye, and finding in Mr. Hermsprong's unanimated face, nothing that pleased her, she resumed her pouts, and remained silent to all the gentleman was pleased to say.

Quite wearied out, Mr. Hermsprong asked her if a walk, to see the town, would be agreeable.

"She could not be supposed to be much amused," she said, "in her situation."

"I see," Mr. Hermsprong said, "my services are disagreeable to you; so I beg leave to wish you happiness and a good morning."

Miss Sumelin had now some hours to herself. Angry at Mr. Hermsprong, she felt herself kindly disposed to the other delinquents; one at least; for what signifies what he did before he was married; she durst say he would have been true and constant to her afterwards. Besides, she should never have known it, but for that impertinent Hermsprong.

But the culprit was not to be found, to reap the benefit of her forgiveness. Instead of him, she found Miss Wavel in the room
they

they had slept in, all in tears. On the approach of Miss Sumelin, the tears fell in showers; and she had, besides, all the symptoms of going into hysterics. When she could speak, she told her tale: She did not deny her love for Mr. Fillygrove, nor its consequences; but she made it out so clear, that Miss Sumelin had the greatest of obligations to her, that of giving up a beloved youth, because he loved, and was beloved by another person, that Miss Sumelin became almost persuaded she had acted upon the purest principles of friendship. A reconciliation took place; but where was Fillygrove? alas! an hour before Miss Wavel and he had resumed their quarrel; he had left her, threatening not to return. Poor dear young man! she feared his rashness; for he said something about the sea.

The dear young man, in the mean time, had met with Mr. Hermsprong upon the pier; and much to the surprise of the latter, accosted him with a diffident and humble air, begging permission to say a few words. He then informed Mr. Hermsprong, that he had been at two shops, in order to sell his watch; and not being able to make himself understood, had come hither to pick up an honest English sailor to be his interpreter, but had not been able to find one.

“Is it to compleat your intended enter-
prize

prize with Miss Sumelin, that you desire to raise money by the watch?" Mr. Herm-sprong asked.

"Oh, no, Sir; I have done with that; I want only to get back to England; and to pay Miss Wavel's passage; for I dare say you will have the goodness to take care of Miss Sumelin."

"Well, Sir, here comes the captain of the English packet, with whom I have agreed for Miss Sumelin's passage and my own. I will also agree with him for Miss Wavel's and your's; and I will pay him, as also your expences in Ostend. When we arrive at Dover, I will make you a present of ten guineas, to enable you to convey Miss Wavel back to Falmouth, if she chuses; but this upon condition, that you drop all clandestine intercourse with Miss Sumelin; nor attempt to speak to her before her arrival at Falmouth. I have no doubt but a prudent behaviour may still procure you Miss Sumelin, with the consent of her father; and when I see your frivolous vanity changed into the pride of good sense and rectitude, I will ask her for you."

Mr. Fillygrove promised every thing, and was directed to another inn, there to procure an apartment for Miss Wavel, and wait till he could be informed in what ship they were to go.

In

In the mean time the ladies were bewailing their mutual misfortunes, till they found themselves hungry. The hour of dinner was past. No one took notice of them. At length a billet arrived from Fillygrove to Miss Wavel.

“I wait for you to dine at the Pelican. Pray accompany the messenger. I have a great deal to say. Respectful love and duty to Miss Sumelin, but I must not see her.”

At the same time a message came from Mr. Hermsprong to Miss Sumelin, requesting her company to dinner. No mention of Miss Wavel. These were extraordinary circumstances; but had there been no other reason with the ladies for compliance, curiosity would have been sufficient; and Miss Sumelin had hers compleatly gratified after dinner, by Mr. Hermsprong, who informed her with his true frankness of character, what he had done with respect to Fillygrove, and what he intended respecting herself. “And I leave it to your choice, madam,” says he, “to permit me the honour of being your escort, or Miss Wavel. In the latter case, I shall not have the pleasure to see you again till your arrival at Falmouth; but I will take care your necessary expences shall be supplied.”

Miss

Miss Sumelin pouted, as usual ; and Mr. Hermsprong found her a companion so little agreeable to his taste, that he began to think it would be more for his ease to endure Miss Wavel. A similar revolution of sentiment had happened to Miss Sumelin : So, when Mr. Hermsprong told her that he should have the pleasure of giving up his opinion to hers, she answered, she had resolved to conform to his. A contest ensued ; but as the lady had stumbled on the flattering supposition, that in a *tête-à-tête* of two days and nights, she might display all her charms ; and Mr. Hermsprong having no sentiment which operated the contrary way with equal force, he gave it up, and quickly resigned himself to the dispensations of Providence.

To reward him, the lady drew forth her whole stock of airs and graces. She sighed ; she languished ; she had even moments of unutterable softness. "She is the daughter of my friend," he was obliged to say very often, and he did it with shortened breath ; "shall I rescue her from disgrace, to plunge her into dishonour ?" Conqueror, at length he delivered her safe into her father's protection, and made her his enemy for life. .

C H A P.

C H A P. XVII.

MRS. MERRICK's death, an event which happened sooner than was expected, was scarcely more afflictive to Miss Campinet than inconvenient to Lord Grondale. It brought him into a terrible dilemma respecting Mrs. Stone, the person of merit I mentioned in my fifth chapter.

I know not what other consideration, except her merit and misfortunes, could have induced his lordship to have placed her at the head of his table, as well as of his household; but this post of honor she had now enjoyed for several years. If Miss Campinet resided at the Hall, all the laws of decorum required that Mrs. Stone should resign; but it is not, I believe, much to the taste of the female sex, to give up precedence. Lord Grondale explained the dilemma to Mrs. Stone, by way of asking her advice; not without hopes, that, struck by the necessity of the case, she would of her own accord, make the offer of resignation. Instead of this, she offered to his Lordship's consideration a plan of a very different kind; an expedient

ent, she said, which would reconcile all things; which his lordship had given her many reasons to believe he would one day have recourse to; and for which, to speak her opinion, no time was so proper as the present.

Lord Grondale, not taking time for consideration, replied to this with more hauteur than gallantry. The lady was offended, and said, since his lordship did not like the expedient she had proposed, he knew the alternative.

Now this alternative was almost as little to his lordship's taste, as Mrs. Stone's principal expedient: It required the payment of a very respectable sum of money, not less than 5000*l.* which his lordship from motives of purest benevolence, and charmed by her condescension, articted to pay, whenever choice or accident altered their respective situations relative to each other.

Lord Grondale's politeness and gallantry returned upon him all at once.

"No, Mrs. Stone," he said, and he took her hand; "no, I find it absolutely impossible to part with you. Things must remain as they are."

So, since Mrs. Stone would not, Miss Campinet *must* submit; and Lord Grondale had the goodness to prepare her for the

the necessity, by the usual argument of great people—*sic volo*.

C H A P. XVIII.

PEOPLE, young or old, excluded from society, are apt to contract oddities, particularly as was the case of Miss Campinet, the oddity of reflection. I do not mean, that ladies who live in the world do not think; they do very much; but their study is chiefly ornamental architecture; with what variety of graceful draperies to adorn the loveliest fabric of nature; with what stucco to increase its external brilliance. Miss Campinet having less occasion for this first philosophy of ladies, her studies were confined to inferior objects; to the operations of the human mind; the right or wrong of human actions.

It did not appear to Miss Campinet that there was much of wisdom or virtue in Lord Grondale's general conduct regarding Mrs. Stone; but she had determined that it ill became a daughter to judge a father; and
that

that filial obedience was almost the first of virtues.

Upon the strength of this singular conclusion, she sat down quietly to table with the person of merit without assuming the privilege of young ladies, to pout or purse up her pretty lips, or indulge herself in any of those tokens of contempt and dissatisfaction which nature or custom has provided for such cases.

But this was all. Her duty required she should treat Mrs. Stone with the exterior marks of civility ; but not that she should associate with her ; for besides this lady's suspicious situation, with respect to Lord Grondale, she was not polished ; was little studious of intellectual entertainment, though by no means deficient in understanding ; and rather an adept in the cunning which self interest will usually dictate—even to ministers of state, when they quit—and when they do not quit—the strait paths of rectitude for those of crooked policy. Miss Campinet, therefore, rose from table with her father, and retired to her sitting apartment ; there to read a little, to work a little, to weep a little, to think a little upon Lippen Crag, her providential delivery, and her proud deliverer.

C H A P.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN the night of the —, a storm such as had not been remembered, rushed down Grondale vale, from north to south. It was accompanied by excessive rain, thunder, and lightning. The latter had damaged the spire of the steeple, and set fire to a cottage, which was burned to the ground. The other cottages were mostly unroofed, and the straw carried to incredible distances.

The Reverend Doctor Blick having been disturbed in the night, lay an hour longer than usual. When he had breakfasted he thought it his duty to go about the village and give spiritual aid, if any person wanted it. At the first cottage, he found Miss Campinet; who said, "I did not doubt but I should meet you, Sir, on the unhappy business of this morning. You find great devastation. The storm was terrible."

"Not being myself well," the Doctor answered, "I am only just come into the village."

"Here is a gentleman has been amongst the cottagers, ever since the dawn of day.

All the labourers are at work to repair their respective damages. He promises their usual pay to all, and a gratuity over to those he finds most industrious. In the mean time, the butcher is stripped of his meat, and the baker of his bread, for the use of the women and children. His name is Hermsprong. Perhaps you know him."

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "Yes, I do know something of him. I wish I could say, something good. But, Madam he is a proud haughty young man, who thinks too well of himself to pay a proper respect to his betters. Over and above this, Madam, he is an infidel; and you know, without faith our best works are splendid sins."

"So this profusion of benevolence is with you, Doctor, only a splendid sin?"

"Nothing more, Miss Campinet. A pure stream cannot flow from a corrupt fountain."

"You prefer faith, then, to charity."

"Certainly, Miss Campinet,——to every thing: So, I hope, do you?"

"I hope I believe as I ought; but I own, Doctor, I feel a bias in favour of such splendid sins."

The conversation was stopped by the hasty approach of Mr. Hermsprong, who
with

with a respectful bow, said, "I hope I see Miss Campinet well?"

She answered with a courtesy.

"Never," he continued, "could I see her more lovely than when warm with the healthful glow of humanity."

"This is poetry, Sir," said the lady; I must take care how I take it for praise; and Doctor Blick has been informing me, that benevolent propensities, without faith, are only splendid sins."

"Surely," Mr. Hermsprong replied, "under any system, kindness to our suffering fellow creatures cannot be sin. But faith is the Doctor's vocation. It is his to speak comfort to the soul; and at yonder cottage, (pointing to a distant one) is a proper object of his care; a poor woman in agonies for her little one who perished, I know not how, in the confusion of the night. To me belongs the inferior care of administering to the wants of the body."

"In this," said Miss Campinet, "I hope I may be permitted to share."

"Lovely Miss Campinet! your propensities are all amiable. The poor bless you. May they always bless you. But that I would not subject you to scenes of distress, there is an object——" said Mr. Hermsprong.

"Dear Mr. Hermsprong! don't think of

my distress;" and Miss Campinet coloured rosy red as she spoke. Whether it was a glow of the heart, arising from the thought of being able to do good, or a simple blush at the "dear Mr. Herm sprong," I cannot exactly say. It was a lapse, no doubt; occasioned, perhaps, by a sudden warmth of sentiment. Mr. Herm sprong, however, did not appear to notice it in the least; but said, "The object I speak of, is a young woman, the school mistress of the village, thrown by this night's horror into premature labour."

"I know her," said Miss Campinet; "she is very respectable; but wants, I fear, aid superior to mine."

"A gentleman of the faculty is sent for," Mr. Herm sprong answered; "but I fear the rashness of those about her: It is better to keep her a little longer in pain, than expose her to danger."

"I understand you, Sir," said the lady, "and will endeavour to be of use."

"Permit me to conduct you, madam. Doctor, good-morrow."

The Doctor returned a nod, and a look which had not in it much of courtesy; for he felt himself offended by the careless air of superiority assumed by Herm sprong. Nor could he but remember the Golden Ball, and the dignified manner of his bidding adieu there. Altogether, there was some-

something in this young man which rendered it quite as eligible to the Doctor, to avoid as to seek a rencontre with him. He scorned, however, to be directed by the puppy, even to a work of salvation; so, instead of seeking the cottage of despair, he turned another way, asked a few questions received mortifying answers, for they were in praise of Hermsprong, and then took his way to the Hall.

'C H A P. XX.

LET us now attend Miss Campinet to the house of parturition. It was a long walk. I am not certain whether Mr. Hermsprong did not put the poor woman to more pain than nature did, for the sake of it; for when they arrived the danger was over. But, upon the road, the lady's servant keeping a respectful distance, they had some little conversation. The lady began it with saying, she was sorry she could not acknowledge her obligation to him a better way than by words, and that she must be obliged to chance or misfortune, even for that opportunity.

"For the latter, Miss Campinet, it is I who ought to feel the sorrow," Mr. Herm-sprong answered; "and indeed fortune, or whatever god or goddess has the disposal of this part of my fate, does not treat me well. When I consider who it was I had the happiness to save,—when I see her all beauty and grace,—when I hear her all intelligence, and hear of her all angel; I rise in my own estimation—I find myself higher than the Cæsars, and the other slaughterers,—nay, so high, that I almost think myself intitled to the reward I asked."

"To that slender reward, if you chuse to call it so, a much smaller degree of merit would have entitled you; but I am sorry you have learned to flatter."

"To flatter! nay, at most it is only truth a little heightened. In praise of beauty one becomes poetical. Are young ladies pleased to be praised with cold and exact precision?"

"It would be better perhaps they were."

"Possibly so; but since that is not their taste, what can poor young men do?"

"I am sorry our sex should lay yours under the necessity of estimating female merit by a false scale."

"Nay, Miss Campinet; men, unless they are in love, appreciate the merits of ladies very well. The error lies in custom, which seems

seems to sanctify a little extravagance of expression in the cause of the fair."

"I could have wished your extravagance in that particular, Mr. Hermisprong, had been less."

"I am scarce sensible of any, Miss Campinet."

"I am."

"It is not proper that Miss Campinet should think of herself as I do of her."

"Is not that, Sir, a confession that you do not think justly?"

"I must take the liberty to tell Miss Campinet, she has no right to dispute my taste."

"One may at least, call in question the existence of the qualities you ascribe to the object of it."

"No, madam, they exist to me; and whilst they do so, can you wonder that I should wish to encrease my happiness by your society, and hope for your esteem?"

"My esteem, Sir, you must always command; and I should injure myself to reject your society, did it depend upon myself. But Lord Grondale——"

"Thinks me deficient in respect to him?"

"I believe so, Sir."

"He thinks truly. Whether the frankness I have learned in my youth, be, in

highly polished countries, a virtue or vice, I know not. Miss Campinet will pardon me, if the plain and simple truth to which I have been habituated, comes from me too soon and too unguarded."

"Every thing may be pardoned in favour of truth."

"Lord Grondale dislikes my manners, and I his. Humility to a proud man, is a price I cannot pay,—even for life."

The sentiment, and the mode of utterance, made Miss Campinet turn to look at her companion. She had before thought him possessed of the finest face she ever beheld; it seemed improved now by the animation which beamed from his eyes. But young ladies are not permitted to look long or intently upon young men; so resuming her position, she said, "Do you know any country in the world, Mr. Herm-sprong, where this price is not paid?"

"Amongst the Aborigines of America, Miss Campinet. Then, (added Mr. Herm-sprong, with a smile,) I was born a savage."

Miss Campinet felt the strangest sort of feel; she never could tell what it was like.

"You astonish me, Sir," said she; "but there is mystery; you are not of savage parents?"

"No; of unfortunate Europeans; I might have been born in France."

"Eng-

"England, I presume, has had the greatest share in your education?"

"No, Miss Campinet; till a few weeks since, I never saw England; the language, equally with French, and that of an Indian tribe, I have spoken from infancy."

"But—your manners!"

"Cannot, I fear, be to the taste of English ladies. I have indeed been learning to dance and make a bow in France. It is six years since I have been endeavouring to acquire European arts. Of my progress I cannot boast. I cannot learn to offer incense at the shrines of wealth and power; nor any shrines but of probity and virtue. I cannot learn to surrender my opinion from complaisance, or from any principle of adulation. Nor can I learn to suppress the sentiments of a free-born mind, from any fear, religious or political. Such uncourtly obduracy has my savage education produced."

"I must own, Mr. Hermsprong, you interest me. You make me desirous of deserving your esteem and friendship. But, situated as I am—You know, Sir, I do not command in my father's house."

"Perhaps it is the only place where you do not, or might not, if you please."

"Did you," Miss Campinet asked with a smile; "did you learn this of the Aborigines of America? It tastes of France."

“One learns something every where.”

“Is not flattery a diminution of that integrity of which you just now gave so pleasing a specimen?”

“I am told it is of the first necessity to ladies; so to please them, one goes out of one’s way sometimes.”

“If so, let them have it; but let it not be administered by the Hermsprongs of the age.”

“I desire to please; especially the Miss Campinets, who are not too abundant. But how to please, I fear I have still to learn.”

“I entreat you, go not to the school of flattery for it.”

“So entreated, I will not, even for Miss Campinet.”

They had now arrived at the door of the cottage, and finding the accoucheur come, and every thing in a fair way, nothing was left for Miss Campinet to do. Supposing Lord Grondale might expect her at breakfast, she took the road to the Hall, from whence this house was not far distant. But her conversation began to grow irregular; she seemed embarrassed. In reality she was afraid of her father’s displeasure, if seen with Mr. Hermsprong; yet how could she hint her fears, or how be unpolite to a gentleman, she had more and more reason to esteem. Luckily he saw her embarrassment,

ment, and guessed its cause. He stopped, and taking her hand with the most respectful air possible, he said, "Miss Campinet will permit me, what indeed she cannot prevent to interest myself in her happiness and peace. Fortune, I hope, will again and again give me the pleasure of this morning, without its calamity." He bowed touched her glove with his lips, and was out of sight in an instant.

C H A P. XXI.

TH E Reverend Doctor Blick found his lordship hobbling along the terrace, aided by his two sticks, and rather in a fretful mood. The butler had been informing him of the ravages of the night, and, which unavoidably followed, of Mr. Hermsprong's activity in repairing them. The person of merit also had mentioned to his lordship, that Miss Campinet had gone early out upon her charitable functions; and had added, that no doubt, in her progress she would meet Mr. Hermsprong; and that two such benevolent people could not
meet

meet upon so charitable a business, without being highly delighted with each other.

Lord Grondale, though sufficiently attentive to such matters, did not just now regard the profound humility of Doctor Blick's salutation; but asked him abruptly, if he had seen that strange impertinent fellow, that Hermsprong?

The Doctor answered, "Yes, my lord, I have just left him."

"What, where, when? I suppose you are grown intimate," said Lord Grondale.

"How can your lordship do me the injustice to suppose it?" said the Doctor. "I—I coalesce with a man who has failed in respect to your lordship? No, my lord. But going amongst my parishioners this morning, to endeavour to alleviate their miseries, I met the young man——"

"Sporting his ostentatious charity——"

"Just, my lord; the epithet is perfectly adaptive."

"Saw you Miss Campinet?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And she, Sir,—what did she do?"

"Hermsprong told her of a poor woman in labour, and they went together."

"Together! the benevolence of that is admirable. Together! Rank and property have lost half their value, at least, in this liberal

liberal age. I believe, Doctor, you and I may live to see the unfortunate hour when they will have lost the whole. Such fellows! damn him!" said his lordship, with energy.

In the flow of holy effervescence, the Reverend Doctor Blick had almost said amen, to Lord Grondale's prayer; but it came across him, that to say Amen was an inferior office; so he chose rather to content himself with expressing his astonishment that any man, much more such a man, should presume to offend his lordship.

"But," continued the good Doctor, "it is a licentious age: Pride and insolence are the characteristics of young men now."

"I think, Doctor, I shall find a way to lower both."

"I hope you will, my lord."

"I never in my life so much disliked a man."

"He is shockingly disagreeable, my lord, indeed."

"They say he has travelled."

"So he says himself, my lord; but he owns it was on foot."

"A very convincing proof in my opinion, of the strength of his purse."

"Undoubtedly, my lord; very convincing."

"Yet

"Yet they talk of his generosity. Old women, I suppose, for pennyworths of snuff and tobacco; and they say, God bless his sweet pretty face; so he swells with vanity almost to bursting."

"Certainly," said the Doctor, laughing, or endeavouring to laugh. "For true humour your lordship has no equal."

"I suppose he has exerted himself to-day, in order to eclipse the lord of the parish."

"I dare say your lordship is right. I saw at once his charity did not flow from Christian benevolence."

"For my part I have no opinion of these charitable ebullitions."

"Your lordship is perfectly happy in your terms. Yes, ebullitions,—bubbles."

"Indiscriminate giving is not my taste: I chuse to consider my objects."

"If all charities had your lordship for a director, they would be bestowed more to the praise and glory of God, than I fear they now are."

"Does any body know where this young fool comes from?"

"No, my lord."

"A French refugee, perhaps."

"Perhaps so, my lord."

"But he speaks English too well."

"That is a just observation, my lord."

"Probably

"Probably he has spent his fortune, and comes to hide his shame where he is unknown."

"Exceeding probable, my lord."

"It is still more probable he never had a fortune to spend, and is now on the hunt for one."

"I confess, my lord, this is the higher probability."

"My daughter would be a pretty catch. A lucky hit, Doctor, that of catching the chair horse."

"Vastly lucky, my lord."

"Not that horses are apt to leap down crags; but to timid minds, terror magnifies possibilities into certainties."

"You look quite into human nature, my lord."

"Miss Campinet, like other sweet young ladies, has, no doubt, a tender and grateful heart; and what reward can be too great for an action so terribly heroic?"

"Your lordship is so humourous."

There are men—classes of men, I believe, to whom no human attainment is so useful and profitable as assentation. It is for the benefit of young beginners in this respectable art, that I have recorded this dialogue. Dr. Blick was an adept. He cannot be a bishop.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXII.

THE terrace on which Lord Grondale was now exercising Dr. Blick and himself, had a spacious prospect. Lord Grondale, at the instant of concluding his last sentence, happened to cast his eyes on the spot where Mr. Hermsprong was taking leave of his heroic daughter, at the conclusion of the 20th chapter.

“There, Blick, there!” cried his lordship; “damn it there!” For anger will not be always obedient to polished manners; and lords, nay parsons, will swear on sufficient provocation. As Miss Campinet approached the garden gate, Lord Grondale, full of rage, flew to meet her with all the velocity of a man crippled by gout. It happened that Mr. Glen was at this instant passing by, from Sithin, where he had slept the night before; and where he had informed himself concerning a young woman, who had once waited on Miss Campinet, and with whom she was deservedly a favourite. This young lady asked Mr. Glen of her; his answer was, that she seemed every day to grow worse.

“Alas!”

"Alas!" said Miss Campinet, "I fear then there is little room to hope."

"Indeed, Miss Campinet," answered Glen, in a tone of sorrow,—“indeed I have no hope.”

At this critical moment, Lord Grondale inflamed with rage, burst through the gate.

"What impertinent language is this," said he, furiously; "how dare you, Sir, speak to my daughter in such terms?"

"I do not comprehend your lordship," was Mr. Glen's reply.

"Miss Campinet," said her father, "walk in, and wait my permission to go out again."

"What have I done to deserve this, Sir?" asked his fair daughter.

"Every thing I should wish you not to do. Five minutes since you were coquetting with that impertinent puppy, that Hermsprong, who comes from you know not where; and now you were permitting this worthy gentleman to talk to you of his hopes. A man who ought to think himself honoured by such permission to your woman."

"Indeed, my lord," said his fair daughter, weeping as she went in; "indeed you are in an error."

"That now is woman," said his lordship;

ship; "I must not believe my eyes; then directing a stern look at Glen, "nor I suppose my ears."

"For Miss Campinet's sake, my lord, I will, if you chuse it, explain the simple words which have shook your lordship so horribly," replied Mr. Glen.

"I ask no explanation," his lordship exclaimed; "I will receive none. I disgrace myself, by condescending to talk with you at all."

"I am happy in your contempt, my lord," replied Glen.

"There, Doctor," said his lordship, "there!"

"I am shocked, my lord," said the complaisant Doctor; "Mr. Glen, have you lost your senses? Do you know the respect, I should say reverence, due from such as you to such exalted characters as Lord Grondale?"

"I think I do," Mr. Glen replied; "and to such exalted characters as Dr. Blick; and I pay exactly what I believe I owe."

"Such audacity, my lord, I never saw before; and hope I never shall again," said the Doctor.

"Just as often," Glen replied, as you presume to treat me thus."

"Pre-

"Presume," said the Doctor, waddling two or three steps towards him.

"Presume," replied Glen, meeting him with firmness."

"Come in, Doctor," said Lord Grondale; "let us leave the reptile;" and the garden door was flapt to with a force which shook the wall."

C H A P. XXIII.

THE house in which Mrs. Merrick had lived, and of which she had had a lease for life, was to be sold. It was the property of a Mr. Jones, who had, when young, occupied it, and the little estate around it, had married, and with an income of 400l. a-year, had lived respected, without running in debt. Unfortunately, the death of a cousin introduced him into the possession of as many thousands per annum. He began to live, and in a few years found it convenient to sell. Bloomhill, for so this house was called, was ordered to the hammer; it having been previously offered to Lord Grondale, at a price his lordship

ship refused to give; not because he thought it much too dear; but because, being told that it would, upon his refusal, be sold by auction, he thought no body would dare to bid against him, and he could get it cheap. And, indeed, so persuaded was the country around, that Lord Grondale, to whom it was the more desirable, as it was surrounded by his own estate, would be the purchaser at any price, that on the day of sale not many people of property attended, and those were soon silenced by the stern looks of Mr. Roger Calvart, his lordship's agent, all but one.

About this time Lord Grondale had no company, and had given the reverend Dr. Blick a general invitation to dinner, which had received almost as general an acceptance.

On the day of the auction, half an hour before dinner, arrived Mr. Roger Calvart, to whom his lordship gave audience in his library. This over, they entered the dining room. Mr. Calvart warm with bustle and business, Lord Grondale with vexation. An awful silence prevailed during dinner, interrupted only by his lordship's and the doctor's frequent call for wine.

The servants having withdrawn, the Doctor recollected the auction, and addressing Calvart,

Calvart, hoped he might with his lordship joy of the purchase.

Many an unpaternal, I might say, malignant glance, had his lordship during dinner, cast upon Miss Campinet, who began to tremble, though she knew not why.

The Doctor's question was answered by Calvart only with a shake of the head; but it opened his lordship's mouth, already predisposed to eloquence by wine.

"No," said Lord Grondale, looking at his daughter, "it is Miss Campinet you must congratulate; it is her hero who is the fortunate purchaser."

"My hero, my lord!" said the blushing Miss Campinet.

The parson was eating a nectarine; it fell from his hand; and his paralytic jaws denoted his profound astonishment.

"These premises," said his lordship, "which I have been laying out for so many years, which are so convenient to my estate, and in all respects so desirable a purchase, has this young coxcomb persisted in buying, when every body else had politely given up the contest. Not content with this insolence, he must add contempt to it; for when Mr. Calvart sent a friend to him, to say his opponent was bidding for Lord Grondale, and that his lordship would consider it as an obligation if he would desist,

desist, he turned from him with a cursed sneer, and instantly bid 20l. more, though the rules of bidding only required 10l. But if I forgive the affront! And how the devil the fellow intends to pay for it, I cannot conceive; unless indeed he can find credit upon the strength of his favour with Miss Campinet."

"I shall be much obliged to your lordship," said his fair daughter, with some degree of spirit, "when you do Mr. Herm sprong the honour to make him the subject of your conversation, to be less personal to me, till I have really given you occasion."

"I cannot," his lordship replied, "consider the occasion as wanting. Witness that day, for ever memorable in the annals of Grondale, when the joint benevolence of this hero and heroine flowed a pure torrent, through the streets of this metropolis. Witness the apprehensive spirit of the lady, when any one presumes to question the gentleman's merit. Witness, this purchase, which, without a view to your beauteous self, and these domains, is so ridiculous, that absurdity's own self would never have stumbled upon it."

"It is my duty, Sir, to bear all you chuse to inflict," said Miss Campinet, now in tears, and rising to withdraw.

"She

"She sat like patience on a monument," cried his lordship, as she passed the door.

Mr. Roger Calvart hung his head; the parson forgot to applaud; and Mrs. Stone, by no means a malignant woman, an enemy to Miss Campinet rather from situation than malevolence, rose and retired, saying, as she went out, "Fie, fie, my lord!"

"Hay!" says his lordship, "what, I have been too hard upon Missie to day, have I? Come, push the bottle, gentlemen; I am in the humour to be merry. This rascal has diverted me; if I live I will drive the country of him."

This was a sentiment law and divinty could both applaud; and they began in earnest to concert ways and means; but the rapid movements of the bottle prevented any thing being cogitated, worthy such genius, conjoined to such good will.

C H A P. XXIV.

A MONTH now passed away at Grondale Hall with tolerable peace. Mr. Hermsprong was mostly absent from the village; Miss Campinet scarce heard the mention

mention of his name, except when Lord Grondale chose to make him the object of his ingenious satire. If simple tranquillity be all that young ladies ever desire, she had almost all she desired. We must, however, own it was but a sleepy felicity, till the arrival of Miss Fluart gave it a degree of animation.

Lord Grondale when out of humour one morning, had been indulging his daughter with its usual effects, was crossing the hall into his study, (I had better call it his calculation room) when he was met by Mrs. Stone, with an eye rather fiery, and a cheek a little inflamed.

"My lord," she said, "did you invite young ladies here to insult me? if you did, I must tell your lordship that——"

But she was prevented from imparting to his lordship this piece of information, by the entry of Miss Fluart, followed by Miss Campinet.

"My lord, your most obedient. I hope I see you well."

"Much obliged to you, Miss Fluart," his lordship answered rather gravely; "pretty well."

"I have flown twenty miles this morning, to see Caroline here, and she receives me with tears. Either I am an unwelcome guest,

guest, or your lordship must have been scolding her."

"Miss Fluart, I can reprove, and Caroline can deserve it, but I cannot condescend to scold."

"So then, you have been naughty, Caroline. My lord, you must appoint me her governess. In one month, I dare say, I shall make her almost as wise and prudent as myself."

"Probably," answered his lordship, half deigning to smile, "it would be one of your lessons to affront people?"

"Oh dear! who can I have affronted?"

"A person of merit, I assure you, though she condescends to take upon herself the office of regulating my family."

"Goodness, what a mistake I have made! She was so kind as to welcome me just as a Lady Grondale would have done; so, though I had not heard of it, I concluded your lordship had taken a wife; accordingly I paid my respects. It surprised me, to be sure, to see her bounce off as if she was affronted; but, my dear lord, you must make it up for me; and in return, I will take this naughty girl to her dressing-room, and correct her; so, my lord, good morning.

Now, it must be owned Miss Fluart did fib a little; for she knew Mrs. Stone very

well; but the whim of mortifying the poor woman came into her head; who indeed did outstep propriety in her officious welcome; and whom Miss Fluart could not forgive for taking her friend's place at Lord Grondale's table.

C H A P. XXV.

OF the conversation that passed between our fair friends, at this their first interview, little has come to my knowledge. Towards the close of it, Miss Campinet said, "You see, my dear Maria, the state of things with us, and the causes of my father's displeasure. All I have to do, is to submit, and comfort myself with the reflection, that I have not incurred it by any indecorums, or any contumacy of my own."

"Yes," Miss Fluart answered, "there is great consolation in being whipped for having been good. But let us leave unnatural fathers, and talk of natural things. You allow that this Mr. Hermsprong is very handsome?"

"I did

"I did not say so, Maria. I am no judge of the very handsome in men."

"Have you any disorder in your eyes, my dear?"

"No; I have seen him too little, notwithstanding, to determine so important a point."

"They say of us, that we decide this at a single glance."

"I have had more cause to think of his bravery than his beauty; and I have thought of his benevolence more than of either. One might almost call him the guardian angel of the poor."

"Yes, of poor young women, who are going to take imprudent leaps, either into matrimony, or down crags. For the rest, his charities are whims, I suppose, or vanities, as most charities are."

"One would imagine, Maria, you were a pupil of Mandeville."

"I have not the honour to know the gentleman; but one looks and compares, and so one draws conclusions."

"Not very candidly, I think."

"That is as God pleases, child; one draws them how one can."

"Well, my dear Maria, howsoever you may draw your conclusions here, let me entreat you to spare your wit in my father's presence; and do not needlessly irritate Mrs. Stone."

"Surely, Caroline, you think I have no discretion; I, who love so well peace and plumb pudding."

When summoned to dinner, the ladies found in the dining apartment Lord Grondale and the Rev. Dr. Blick. His lordship appeared in good humour, and said, "Sit down, ladies—sit down Doctor; Mrs. Stone will be here presently."

Miss Campinet took her accustomed place, the gentlemen theirs.

"Oh," says Miss Fluart, "it is I then who am to do the honours of the table; upon my word, this is a new etiquette."

Then taking Mrs. Stone's chair, she called upon the Doctor, with great gravity, for grace. But in the Doctor's sensorium there must have been some little confusion; for instead of, Lord bless and preserve, he began with, Lord have mercy upon us. Lord Grondale frowned at his daughter, as if suspecting that a contrivance betwixt them; Miss Campinet, much flurried, said, "My dear, you have mistook; that is Mrs. Stone's chair."

"Oh dear!" cried this volatile lady, "I wish Mrs. Stone was either Lady Grondale or not; one shall be always making mistakes."

Miss Campinet blushed at this specimen of her friend's discretion; Lord Grondale

looked

looked ugly; the Doctor did not know how to look. A little Mrs. Stone relieved this embarrassment, by now taking her place. The Doctor mumbled something that passed for grace. Pythagoras might have presided at dinner, so little was there a want of silence.

The whole of things not being to the taste of the young ladies, they withdrew as soon as possible. Lord Grondale followed them to the door with his eye, and then said, "Don't you think, Doctor, the world vastly improved since you and I were boys?"

Had the Doctor only heard this question, he would have answered, undoubtedly, my lord. But he saw it too, and his reply was a No—of no small tone and emphasis.

"A fine thing, this commerce, Doctor; it doubles production, and enlarges all sorts of qualities but good ones. I can remember when young ladies were something more civil, and something less impertinent than now. I can remember when they paid visits only when invited by the master of the house; and when they would have thought it indecent to have affronted even their inferiors. Now their superiors cannot escape; for in point of family, Mrs. Stone is Miss Fluart's superior. This girl is a child of commerce, and thinks, to be young, to be a hoyden, and to have a for-

tune, excuses every thing. What is it to her, who I chuse to do the honours of my table at my own house? But I suppose there may have gone abroad a rumour, that Mrs. Stone and I, disregarding ceremony, have chosen to live together as man and wife. And whence such rumour? Why, because I acknowledge Mrs. Stone's merit, and treat her with the attention she deserves. Even were it so, Doctor——”

“Oh, my lord!” exclaimed Mrs. Stone, “I beg the supposition may not be made.”

“For argument's sake only,” his lordship answered. “What more should we do than imitate the patriarchs? Doctor, can that be sin?”

“No,” answered the obliging Doctor; “no, my lord; on the contrary, I maintain, that it is to the leaving their simple manners, that the present degenerate races of mankind owe so much of vice and misery.”

“Very true, Doctor. And what, pray, is con—con—I believe we must borrow a word from the Latin; for when the vulgar use a word, they always contaminate the idea. I ask, then, what is consuetudinage but marriage without forms? And what are forms? Rules—rather than laws—of civil policy which it may be sometimes expedient

ent to comply withal, and sometimes not."

"Howsoever," said Mrs. Stone, "this sort of marriage may be convenient and agreeable to men, to women it is good for little but to subject them to insult and contempt."

"Trifles," his lordship replied, "beneath a sensible woman's notice."

"Very sensible women, my lord, may not chuse to lose their reputation."

"Amongst silly people," said his lordship, "a reputation lost is often a reputation got."

"Yes, my lord, amongst those who are degraded themselves."

"There are situations of this sort, Mrs. Stone," said his lordship, with a little air of pride, "which do not merit the name of degradation."

"I know of none, my lord."

"It was not always, madam, you viewed things in this light."

"This is another blessing of the situation your lordship is pleased to praise. If simple women complain, they are ordered to look back upon their folly, even by those to whom they have made the greatest of all sacrifices."

"Upon my honour, ladies are not wanting to themselves when they estimate the value of their favours."

"I do not see," said Mrs. Stone, looking at the Doctor, "how they can be rated too high, if, as the clergy tell us, we risque heaven by them."

"The cant of methodists," said his lordship. "The church of England has more liberal notions,—has she not, Doctor?"

In his appeals to Dr. Blick, Lord Grondale was seldom disappointed; nor had he now reason to complain; except of prolixity; for the learned divine, having, at great length, explained how marriage and consuetudinage existed together in patriarchal times, proved that what was right then could not be wrong now; and that it was scarce possible a lord should be wrong at any time.

With the Doctor's conclusions, Lord Grondale was better satisfied than Mrs. Stone, who did not see in them any towards advancing her to the dignity of Lady Grondale.

C H A P. XXVI.

WHEN the fair friends had reached their apartment, Miss Campinet began a tender

tender expostulation with Miss Fluart, entreating her not to indulge her vivacity on improper occasions.

"In pity to me, my dear," she concluded, "you should restrain your lively genius. Lord Grondale is my father; he may have his failings, but is it fit for a daughter to see them? In short, my dear Maria, he is my father; I say every thing in that."

"Miss Fluart, with composed gravity, answered, "Yes, my dear—that—that sanctifies him."

"How can you, Maria, so pervert my meaning? I refer to the duty I owe; a duty which forbids my giving him offence."

"Very true, child," Miss Fluart replied, with continued gravity. "Yes, about this high transcendent duty—yes, it is all true. Pray, my dear, did you ever hear, or see in the dictionary, the word reciprocity? I assure you, the politicians make great rout about it."

"My dear Miss Fluart, I cannot bargain with my father."

"I dare say not, Caroline; unless the bargain is all on his side. Mrs. Stone, too—a very reverend person,—almost like a mother."

"It is possible she may have failings; but it is not necessary to see them."

"For me, it is not, Maria. She has good qualities."

"Oh, yes, quite useful to Lord Grondale; a sort of necessary person; who keeps naughty people of fashion from disturbing his lordship's domain; and so preserves the dear daughter of her adoption from the vices of a dissipated age, and the contagion of bad example. And of good, too—some people would say; and would ask: whether this was a proper situation for Miss Campinet, the daughter and heiress of Lord Grondale; the favourite of nature as well as fortune; whom women pity, and men want to adore; debarred from society, and the common pleasures of life, by pure paternal affection. Oh Caroline!"

Miss Fluart's vivacity here yielded to her tenderness. She shed tears, and with tears Miss Campinet answered.

"If crying would do," said Miss Fluart, recovering her usual tone, what wonders might we not be able to effect. But it is spirit we want."

"I own I have it not."

"It is more necessary, then, you should be under the protection of one who has. I shall take you under mine. I find myself qualified to be school mistress, to father lords, who have only learned to love themselves."

"I must

"I must advertize you, my dear, that my father is rather irritable."

"You need not, Caroline; I know this."

"When angry, Maria, he may not be perfectly polite."

"Will he beat me, Caroline?"

"No,—not that, I hope: But he has a way of talking sometimes not quite agreeable to all sorts of people."

"Yes,—and so have I. We shall agree prodigiously."

"I imagine it may come into his mind to say, Miss Fluart, I am accustomed to be treated with proper respect every where; in my own house I think it indispensable. If you cannot prevail upon yourself to comply with this state of things, I shall be happy to see you at Grondale-Hall, when you have overcome this little difficulty."

"To which," said Miss Fluart, "I answer, My dear Lord Grondale, surely when I endeavour to correct any little errors you may fall into from a small acerbity of temper, I pay your lordship the most proper respect imaginable. But if your lordship happens, from weakness of understanding, to think otherwise, I am willing to oblige you, provided I may take my pupil with me. She has not quite fallen into your lordship's error of judgment; she does not yet think herself absolutely infallible;

lible; though I must own she is rather too much like her father. But you know, my lord, I have undertaken to make her wife, docile, and prudent, like myself."

"Very well," Miss Campinet answered; "this must succeed with Lord Grondale. That error of judgment, and weakness of understanding, are the most conciliating expressions imaginable."

"If my tongue does now and then make a little wound, I can heal it with my eyes. Then I can stroke him, and say, Pray, pray. And for a last emergency, kiss him: This, I know, is irresistible."

"You know, Maria?"

"Yes, with elderly gentlemen; you do not imagine I would venture upon so desperate an expedient with a young one?"

"No, Maria, I do not."

"No indeed, and moreover, I must tell you a secret; but you must not reveal it; nor whisper it even to the reeds."

"Bless me! is it of such importance? I die to know it."

"No, don't die; I will sooner trust you. Attend: Young men are my aversion."

"Aversion?"

"Yes, indeed; and judge if I have not cause: They have absolutely made me sick of flattery; once the most palatable of all food. I fear I never shall endure it again."

"I dare

"I dare say you will, my dear, with a little wholesome abstinence. Of what species may be the culprits, who have reduced you to so sad a state?"

"Soldiers in red coats, and sailors in blue. If you are for love and leanness, I recommend one of the former. If you chuse intervals betwixt your love fits, one of the latter. There are creatures too, called bucks. Did you ever see a buck, Caroline? Not the tame creature of the park, or the forest, but the wild buck of London or Paris. An animal which bounds over all fences. Breakfasts in London; dines at Newmarket; devotes six days and nights to the fields of sport, of hazard, and champagne; and having done all that he has to do, that is, lost his money, returns to town, to the arms of his fair Rosabella; dozes away forty-eight hours between love and compunction; awakes; damns all impertinent recollections; sends for an Israelite; signs, and is again a buck. It is a terrible siege I have sustained from one of these. There was treachery in the garrison, caused by a present cockade and a distant coronet. I have held out, notwithstanding, and at length escaped to take refuge with you."

"You are welcome, my dear," Miss Campinet replied, "and I hope safe. This
animal,

animal, I suppose, is not bred in these parts; for I have never seen one; and indeed I dislike the description so much, that I hope I never shall."

"If you could get into a convent, Caroline, or if you never move from these silent precincts, it is just possible. The creatures are, at present, in a state of vast multiplication; every noble and genteel family begets one or more. But begging your delicacy's pardon, they have their attractions."

When young ladies chose to philosophize upon attraction, they are unusually eloquent; and their ideas flow with a velocity with which few pens are able to keep pace. Mine flags, and admonishes me to end the chapter.

C H A P. XXVII.

"GRANT," said Glen, "that we have been in a progressive state of improvement for some centuries; and that the aborigines of America have not."

"I allow

"I allow your progressive state," Mr. Hermsprong answered; and if you will have it, that all is improvement, be it so. You have built cities, no doubt, and filled them full of improvement, if magnificence be improvement; and of poverty also, if poverty be improvement. But our question, my friend, is happiness, comparative happiness, and until you can trace its dependence upon wealth, it will be in vain for you to boast your riches."

"It appears to me," said the Reverend Mr. Woodcock, "that we have all the requisites for happiness which the untaught races of mankind have, with the addition of all that can be extracted from art and science."

"This," said Glen, "appears to me an uncontrovertible argument."

"And perhaps is so," Mr. Hermsprong replied; but of this addition your common people cannot avail themselves. Generally speaking, if unoppressed by labour or poverty, have you observed in this rank, a deficiency of those pleasurable sensations, which, we agree, constitute happiness?"

"No," said Glen; "no," said the parson, "I think not."

"It should seem," Mr. Hermsprong said, "that nature in her more simple modes, is unable to furnish a rich European with a
due

due portion of pleasurable sensations. He is obliged to have recourse to masses of inert matter, which he causes to be converted into a million of forms, for the greatest part solely to feed that incurable craving known by the name of vanity. All the arts are employed to amuse him, and expel the *tedium vita*, acquired by the stimulus of pleasure being used till it will stimulate no more; and all the arts are insufficient. Of this disease, with which you are here so terribly afflicted, the native Americans know nothing. When war and hunting no more require their exertions, they can rest in peace. After satisfying the more immediate wants of nature, they dance, they play;—weary of this they bask in the sun, and sing. If enjoyment of existence be happiness they seem to possess it; not indeed so high raised as yours sometimes, but more continued, and more uninterrupted.”

“In this comparison, Sir,” said Mr. Woodcock, “you seem to have forgot our greatest pleasures, those drawn from intellect.”

“They also have exertion of intellect,” Mr. Hermsprong replied. Their two grand occupations require much of it, in their way; and who, think you, make their songs? They have indeed a different mode of using

using their understandings, and a less variety of subjects; but our point is happiness. I know not that they derive less from intellect than you."

"Do they read?" Mr. Glen asked.

"They do not," replied Hermsprong.

"You do?" said Glen. "Would you give up the pleasure you derive from this, for any pleasure these people have?"

"No," Mr. Hermsprong answered, "I would not. Reading is, as it were, a part of my existence. But, when with those people, my hours of reading were theirs of evening sport. My pleasure was perhaps more exquisite; theirs more lively. They ended with a salutary weariness, which disposed them to sound repose; I, with head-ach perhaps, and with a yawning lassitude that disposed me to sleep, indeed, and also to dream. But in reality, is reading all pleasure? or is it pleasure to all? Are there not amongst you, who read because they have nothing else to do? to pass, without absolute inaction, those hours which must be endured, before the wonted hours of pleasure arrive? Or, is reading all profit? Is knowledge the sure result? Your contradicacious disputations, eternal as it should seem, in politics, in religion, nay even in philosophy, are they
not

not calculated rather to confound than enlighten the understanding? Your infinite variety, does it not tend to render you superficial? And was it not justly said by your late great moralist, every man now has a mouthful of learning, but nobody a bellyful? In variety of knowledge, the aborigines of America are much your inferiors. What they do know, perhaps they know better. But we are wandering from our original question, from happiness, to the *cui bono*."

"And is there," said Glen, "no pleasure without a drawback, which you can allow us to enjoy in a superior manner? Not love, for example?"

"Of this," said Mr. Hermsprong, smiling, "I am little qualified to speak. I left America before I could well fall in love according to nature; and have not yet learned all the refinements which constitute its value in Europe. All I have observed is that you are not satisfied with it in the simple way in which our American Indians possess it. With you the imagination must be raised to an extraordinary height; I might almost say set on fire. And this you perform by dress, by concealments, and by sentiment, like sugar, treble refined. But I repeat, this is a subject on which I cannot speak."

"So

"So well, perhaps as Mr. Glen," said Mr. Woodcock; "who has indeed sustained some of its rudest shocks."

This folly of the parson's rendering Mr. Hermsprong curious, Glen was under the necessity of giving a summary of his life, much in the manner he has previously given it to his readers; who will remember the share a Mrs. Garnet of Lime had in it; her misfortunes and subsequent distress. Mr. Hermsprong, on whom the relation of the misery of others has a saddening power, became more particular in his enquiries respecting this venerable lady; but when he learned that she was the aunt, the neglected aunt of Lord Grondale, his eyes flashed fire: He became at once thoughtful and silent; and being now near the village, they separated for that day.

C H A P. XXVIII.

ON the next morning Hermsprong came to Mr. Glen's apartments, and found him writing to Mrs. Garnet, in answer to a letter lately received from her, written not in the

the whining manner of a mind sunk and debased by calamity ; but with a dignified sorrow which seemed to think complaint beneath it.

“ But,” said Hermsprong, when he had read this letter, “ for the honour of human nature, I hope Lord Grondale knows not of this.”

“ It is,” replied Glen, “ a rule in that noble house, never to suffer the mention in it of a name which has been supposed to degrade it. Most willingly his lordship would not have known ; but Mrs. Garnet herself wrote him an account of her situation, when she had recovered from the violence of her first grief. This letter not being honoured with the least notice, the good lady, whose mind, softened by sorrow, turned with a fond wish of reconciliation to her only relatives, for she had heard with pleasure of the growing goodness of Miss Campinet, requested me to endeavour, by personal application, to know the real disposition of Lord Grondale’s mind respecting herself. Though, (continued Glen) I did not love,—I did not fear his lordship ; and I went immediately to execute my commission. I found him just alighting from his chariot at his magnificent portico. Not to hurt my cause, I accosted him with all the exterior marks

marks of respect; and with that appearance of humility which is required in this, and I believe most other countries, from little persons to great ones. I began my tale; his lordship began to frown; but I had settled it with myself before, that the frowns of a lord one does not love, are not so killing as the frowns of a lady one does; so I proceeded with increasing impudence. His lordship's patience, however, soon gave way; and he interrupted me with this question: "Your name is Glen, I think?"

"It is, my lord."

"Grooby's bastard of Patten-place?"

"That is not my fault, my lord."

"Tell your employer she has rendered herself still more despicable by her agent; and learn another time to speak to Lord Grondale with your hat off."

Hermsprong's eyes seemed to flame.—
"Did you not kick the fellow?" said he.

"Good!" replied Glen; "you are not yet quite acquainted with our manners. We English plebeians are not supposed to be deficient in freedom, but we don't kick lords. We have tolerably awful ideas of rank."

"By heavens!" said Hermsprong, "the son of a king would not have escaped it from me, after such an insult."

"Yes," said Glen, "but you say you
are

are a savage. To say the truth, I almost forgot my politeness at that critical moment. I said, Before you became a lord, it would have been well to have learnt the manners of a gentleman."

His lordship deigned not a reply, but walked into his saloon, with a look that ought to have annihilated so insignificant an atom as myself."

"This heinous affront, of talking to his lordship," continued Glen, "with my hat on, was given because it rained, and because his lordship stood sheltered by the portico, I at the bottom of the steps, sheltered only by a keen north east wind. Yes," continued Glen, "I did put on my hat unbidden; and there, as far as regards his lordship, I have kept it ever since."

How far these young gentlemen proceeded in their animadversions on Lord Grondale, is immaterial to the public. It is only necessary to remark that Mr. Herm sprong soon left Mr. Glen's apartments, saying, he had an engagement at many miles distance.

C H A P. XXIX.

SOME weeks had passed at Grondale-place, with a decent quantity of order and tranquillity. Mrs. Stone sat unmolested in her chair of honour; and Lord Grondale, if he felt now and then the sting of Miss Fluart's tongue, was recompensed by the delightful feeling which the touch of youth and beauty is supposed to impart to elderly gentlemen. For this young lady had the prettiest kittenish moods imaginable; in which she would some times take possession of his lordship's lap; or draw him on to a small game of romps; or say agreeable things respecting his person; the more grateful, as his lordship, in this particular, had almost begun not to flatter himself.

Whether Miss Fluart had or had not conceived any roguish design against the peace and dignity of Lord Grondale, my readers must decide from subsequent events. What is certain is, that perceiving herself increase in favour, she enlarged her flattery and familiarity, till it was evident Lord Grondale took so much pleasure in her society, that he would sometimes step out of the path of greatness to seek it. But

we

we are at a time when the grubs, hatching in his lordship's *pia mater* had scarce begun to crawl; it will be time enough to delineate them when they are well formed maggots.

It was the fourth Sunday after Miss Fluart had been a guest at Grondale, that his lordship declared his intention of going to church; for he went there, I never knew why, very often, for a man of his rank. Mrs. Stone did not go to church; not for want of piety; but because she could not sit with ease in any seat but Lady Grondale's; and his lordship had not yet invited her thither in a way which she could perfectly approve.

As going to church is a family act, Lord Grondale gave a place in his state coach to the young ladies. As they entered the church yard one way, they were met, almost at the church door, by a group of three, which did not seem to give Lord Grondale much pleasure. It consisted of an elderly lady, rather infirm, hanging upon Mr. Hermisprong's arm, and followed by Mr. Glen.

Some small confusion Lord Grondale could not avoid betraying; he averted his face, however, and hastened to his seat, without a proper attention to the politeness due to Miss Fluart at least. The other
trio

trio passed into the seat, now Mr. Herm-sprong's, in consequence of his purchase.

The Reverend Doctor Blick, I know not by what sort of inspiration, this day out-did himself. It was the 14th of July, an anniversary of the riots at Birmingham; where a quantity of pious makers of buttons, inspired by our holy mother, had pulled down the dissenting meeting houses, together with the dwelling houses of the most distinguished of that unpopular sect. The Reverend Dr. Blick did not say this was exactly right; he only said, that liberty had grown into licentiousness, and almost into rebellion. Indeed nothing could be more true; for to take the liberty to burn my house, for drinking my neighbour's health (the imputed crime) would be rather rebellious with regard to the laws, and licentious with regard to me.

"If ever the church can be in danger, it is so now," said the good Doctor. "Now, when the atheistical lawgivers of a neighbouring country, have laid their sacrilegious hands upon the sacred property of the church; now, when the whole body of dissenters here have dared to imagine the same thing. These people, to manifest their gratitude for the indulgent, too indulgent toleration shewn them, have

been filling the nation with inflammatory complaints against a constitution, the best the world ever saw, or will ever see; against a government, the wisest, mildest, freest from corruption, that the purest page of history has ever yet exhibited. Besides this political daring, one of their divines, if any thing divine could be predicated of so abhorred a sect, has absolutely denied the most important tenet of our holy religion, the trinity in unity; has endeavoured to take from us the comfortable doctrines of atonement and grace; and indirectly, the immortality of our precious souls; for unless they are immaterial, how can they be immortal? But," said the Doctor, rising in energy, "what can be expected from men who countenance the abominable doctrines of the rights of man? Rights contradicted by nature, which has given us an ascending series of inequality, corporeal and mental; and plainly pointed out the way to those wise political distinctions created by birth and rank. To this failure of respect to the dignitaries of the nation, and let me add, to the dignitaries of the church, is to be ascribed the alarming evils which threaten the overthrow of all religion, all government, all that is just and equitable upon earth."

This

This discourse must have been agreeable to Lord Grondale, if he had the satisfaction to hear it. But, besides, that great men do not usually attend to sermons, his lordship's cogitations were probably on other subjects, for he hurried from his seat with peculiar precipitancy; not staying as usual to receive the bows of his humble tenants; and was in the coach some minutes before the ladies, who had some courtesies to perform, were able to join him.

C H A P. XXX.

IT was a week after their last parting, before Mr. Glen again saw Mr. Herm sprong, who called again to say adieu, and inform his friend that a certain necessity obliged him to be in London in three days; and that he had to request of him to go to his house, and to entertain there a stranger who arrived last night; and whom he must be so unpollite as to leave.

“But you may be at London,” Mr.
K 2 Glen

Glen replied, "in two days or almost in one."

"On foot?" said Hermsprong.

"Surely," Mr. Hermsprong, "you cannot think of walking?"

"Oh man of prejudice, why? in what other way can I travel with equal pleasure?"

"Pleasure! pleasure in England is not attached to the idea of walking. Your walks we perform in chaises."

"I pity you for it. For myself, I chuse not to buy infirmity so dear."

"Yes, the mode is dear I allow; but what is that to you who value money so little?"

"My friend, who has told you that?"

"Your generosities."

"Pshaw! in my journey hitherto through life, I have only taken a taste for different gratifications; which how should I be able to indulge if I spent all my money in accommodating myself? For not squandering my money too, I have another reason, which I feel at my heart. I must be independant, as far as social man can be independant. In other words, I must be free from the necessity of doing little things, or saying *little* words to any man. But enough of this," added Hermsprong; "I must bid you farewell for a week; and intreat
you

you will spend that week principally, or wholly at my house. Respecting my friend I need say nothing: You will like each other. Farewell."

Occupied with an increasing respect for this, as it appeared to him, extraordinary man, Mr. Glen took the road to his house. He overtook, on the road, a young woman, a native of the village, with a small bundle under her arm.

"How far are you going, Sally?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Glen," she answered, "I am going to live at Mr. Hermsprong's."

"In what capacity, Sally?"

"As chambermaid."

"I hope it will prove a good place to you, Sally?"

"Thank you, Mr. Glen; I dare say you do; for you have a kindly heart. And for that matter there is not many people of finer characters than my master that is going to be, if one may believe what poor bodies say. Howsoever, I must needs tell you that I was a bit afraid, because he is a young gentleman and not married; for servants have nothing but their characters; and if that goes all goes. So he sends for me last night, and so I went; but I could hardly look up at him for thinking about this. So, just for all the world as if he

could see in a body's thoughts, he said, young woman, it is not so much into my service you will enter, as into that of a lady, who is so good as to consent to reside with me for the present. Then, Sir, says I, be you married? and my face was all in a glow. He smiled, and said, I am not; but you will not like the lady the worse for that. Then he asked me my wages; and I thought I would ask enough, because, you knows, Mr. Glen, one may bate. However he did not make one word; but took me into the parlour to as fine an old lady as ever I saw in all my days, that had come an hour before, in a post-chaise, as I understood afterwards. And my master said to her, I ought not, madam, to intrude business upon you so early, but here is a young woman of good character, who, I hope, will suit you as your more immediate servant. Now my mistress looked as if she wanted to speak, and could not. So he walked out; and then she told me I was to be chambermaid; and now I am going to my place."

The hall door opened before Mr. Glen could knock; and in an instant he found himself in the presence of Sally's venerable mistress.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "and is it Mrs. Garnet I am so happy to see?
oh!

oh! I comprehend it all. My excellent young friend!"

"Excellent indeed!" the good lady exclaimed, the grateful tear falling down her cheeks. For some time it was the congratulating eye alone that spoke. When Mr. Glen expressed a desire to know how this agreeable event was brought about. "Oh!" says Mrs. Garnet, "I will tell you

"On Wednesday morning, as I was poisoning my breakfast by bitter remembrances, a note was delivered me to the following purpose: That a stranger was charged with compliments from Mr. Glen, and begged permission to wait upon me. You may be certain what would be the answer. He came; we talked of you; and he said many things in your praise which could not but be grateful to me. But, said he, my friend requested me particularly to observe, if there were any traces in your expressive countenance, which might seem to denote declining health; and I fear I do see something. I answered, that age would have its appropriate signature. I have not, Mr. Hermsprong said, any peculiar skill in the science of physiognomy, but with eyes to see, something may generally be seen. In your very intelligent face, madam, I see, something more than the effects of time, I see anxiety.

"It was the tender and respectful air which accompanied these words, more than the words themselves, which reached my heart. I could not answer. He took my withered hand, and touching it with his lips, said, I fear, madam, this must appear an impertinent freedom in a stranger, but be assured, I have no impertinence at my heart. Two things, Mr. Glen has taught me to respect in you, your virtues and your sorrows; but who can see sorrow, and not wish as far as possible to alleviate it?"

"You appear to have humanity, Sir," I answered, "and I doubt not that I have your good wishes."

"Over and above the inevitable stroke of destiny, madam," Mr. Hermsprong said, "I learn from my friend, that fortune has been unkind to you."

"Yes, Sir; poverty has struck me, now I am old and helpless; but age brings me this comfort, I have less time to endure it."

"May it be permitted me, madam, to turn the injustice of fortune to my own benefit?"

"I beg, Sir, you will be explicit."

"Most willingly, madam; only once more let me entreat your pardon for my presumption."

"I know

"I know not that you have yet committed the offence."

"I fear I shall too soon. I am a young American, without father or mother; but with a fortune that sets me above the necessity of employment. Left early to my own bias, I contracted a passion for travelling; and I have indulged it to satiety. I desire to settle, to be stationary, at least for a time. The wild and romantic scenes of Cornwall, with its natural curiosities, have pleased me, and engaged my attention. Grondale and its environs have particular beauties. I have taken a house there; and I should give dignity to myself, madam, if I could prevail upon you to honour that house with your residence. It is the house in which the amiable Miss Campinet has so many years resided.

"So extraordinary a proposal from a stranger struck me with a certain degree of astonishment, which must have been visible to Mr. Hermsprong, for he continued thus:

"I perceive, madam, my request is going to meet the fate, such presumption deserves. Stranger as I am, I durst not have made the proposal, but that within a few hundred yards of this house, you have a friend who has all the respect and reverence for you which you yourself can wish, in whom you have entire confidence; and is

it not probable also that Miss Campinet may wish to pay you the duty she owes, and increase your happiness and her own?"

"Indeed, Sir, you hold out flattering allurements; but, Mr. Hermsprong, permit me to ask what good you propose to yourself in this?"

"To myself, madam, a great and most essential good. Sensible of the weakness of youth, I seek in you a corrective friend; and if I am so happy to deserve it, a mother."

"Mr. Hermsprong said this with eyes so animated, and a countenance so expressive and intelligent,—I think I never saw a face at once so handsome and so manly,—I was upon the point of conceding to his request, without more consideration, when Lord Grondale came across me, and with him a tribe of reflections, never conducive to my health or peace."

"I fear the terms I am upon with Lord Grondale," I answered, "will prove an insuperable bar."

"I cannot," Mr. Hermsprong said, "think him of the least importance. What, madam, after his proud and injurious treatment. What is Lord Grondale to you? His benevolence has never been exerted on your behalf; and were it now offered, I hope you have too much pride to accept it."

"And

"And is there not," I replied, "a pride which might be supposed to say, Can the aunt of Lord Grondale accept the benevolence of an entire stranger?"

"Why, my dear madam," says Mr. Hermsprong, gaily, "if you are subject to fits of family pride, I know not with what weapons I can encounter so formidable a foe. But have the goodness to consider whether it is a pride of reason."

"No, Sir,—I allow it. It is a pride of feeling."

"Then, pray, madam, oblige me so far as to try to conquer it, or expect in the evening to have it wrested from you by force of arms."

"With these enigmatic words, and an air of great respect, he withdrew.

"His absence was a few hours, and I used them in considering his proposal. For the affirmative, were Mr. Hermsprong's open and manly behaviour, Miss Campinet, you, and my poverty; for the negative, my pride. Unable to conquer this obstinate feeling, I was still fluctuating when he returned. He spent the evening with me,—a confidential evening. He opened his heart, and a most amiable and generous one it is. All his communications I cannot disclose; but he sought and obtained

obtained my entire confidence, nor could I longer resist his wishes.

C H A P. XXXI.

IN a week Mr. Hermsprong returned. His salutation of Mrs. Garnet was equally respectful and affectionate. Again and again he thanked her for the honour she did him, and for the pleasure she gave him by her kind condescension.

Of the subjects of conversation the evening produced, one was Miss Campinet. Mrs. Garnet had never seen this young lady. She had heard her spoken of, indeed, much to her praise. Mr. Glen was profuse in her applause, and excited in Mrs. Garnet the tenderest wishes. To love, and to be beloved by a relation so amiable, so benignant, she said, was all that was now wanting to compleat her felicity. But the tender interest they had in each other was torn asunder by pride and prejudice; and this pride and this prejudice, she feared, had been infused into the tender mind of Miss Campinet.

On

On the Saturday evening, Mrs. Garnet mentioned her perplexity about going to church. She seldom failed, she said; she thought it her duty; but circumstanced as she was, she knew not how to resolve on going. She looked up to Mr. Hermsprong for his opinion.

"If, dear madam, you think it a duty, I know of no consideration which ought to exempt you from the performance of it. Surely it is not you who ought to be embarrassed. Let Lord Grondale blush,—if he can blush," said, emphatically, Mr. Hermsprong.

"I am really very weak," said Mrs. Garnet.

"Yes, madam, and for that weakness, or any weakness arising from fear, you must permit me to invert the order of things, and become your preceptor, as in all things else you must be mine. To you, what is Lord Grondale? Can you fear a man whom you have acquired a right to pardon? A man whose mind is mean—so mean as to incite him to commit acts of injustice, of inhumanity! can he be feared? He whose life has scarce been marked by one act of energy? Who owes the little consequence he possesses to his title and his money? How feeble must be the resentments of a man humiliated by his vices? Oppose him
with

with the manly spirit of conscious rectitude, you will find him a child ; a sulky, pouting one indeed ; but still a child. If you want conviction, I dare engage to give it you ; for I know myself marked out for the object of his mean and secret persecution."

" You astonish me, Sir," said Mrs. Garnet, and Glen could have said the same " by the boldness of your language."

" It was imposed on me as a duty by my father," Mr. Hermsprong answered, " to speak, when I did speak, with the spirit of conscious truth ; and to act, when I did act, with the spirit of conscious justice. I have obeyed my father ; and hope I have been rewarded, as he promised me I should, by a proper portion of firmness and intrepidity. If this, as I suspect, has the appearance of boasting, I answer, that to the weak and enervating humility of thinking, or pretending to think, worse of myself than I deserve, I am, and desire to be a stranger. That I am not the first of men, I know. I know also that I am not the last. I see not the difficulty of man's becoming a judge, tolerably just, of the temper of his mind, as well as of the temperature of his body ; and learning the lesson, conceived so hard to be learned, of thinking himself, what he is. I have energies, and I feel them ;

as

as a man, I have rights and will support them; and in acting according to principles I believe to be just, I have not yet learned to fear."

I wish the world, that is the original thinkers in it, would meet together in some barn, it need not be very large, and determine what is to be thought of such pretensions. Is this the stuff of which the pride of our people of rank and fashion is made? That it is pride of some sort, I have no doubt; for I Gregory Glen, the son of nobody, felt myself raised, exalted, by it. I almost began to think myself a man. But it is a word of bad augury. Kings like it not; parsons preach it down; and justices of the peace send out their warrants to apprehend it. Let us leave it to its fate; and only observing, that in consequence of Mr. Hermsprong's spirited support, Mrs. Garnet assumed courage enough to go to church, accompanied by the two gentlemen; and this was the trio which infused, as parson Evans would say, a trempling of mind into Lord Grondale, and almost suffused his cheek.

C H A P. XXXII.

TH E dinner of this adverse sabbath passed over rather unpleasantly at Grondale hall. His lordship was grave and silent. At such a time how could Doctor Blick talk? Miss Fluart was busy in repenting a little indiscretion towards Mrs. Stone, and Mrs. Stone in concealing her mortification. And Miss Campinet was engaged in the study of her father's countenance, where she saw a certain indefinable something she never saw before.

When the evening came, the young ladies, as usual, chose a walk. A favourite one was Lippen Crag. I know not what made it so to Miss Fluart; but with Miss Campinet, no doubt, it was piety. With due gratitude to providence, and to the agent it had been pleased to employ on so gracious an occasion, she delighted to view her danger and tremble at her escape. Even Mr. Hermsprong, whose walks were leagues; whose meditations the whole phenomena of nature; even he has been known more than once to stride a few miles out of his way, to look at this terrible crag, to think better of himself for having been this agent.

agent of providence, and to sigh that Caroline Campinet should be the daughter of Lord Grondale.

To this classic spot,—not classic yet—it must wait till this adventure has become the subject of an epic superior to the Iliad,—came the young ladies about seven in the evening; and amongst the objects viewed from the summit, was the same group of three they had in the morning met in the church yard. Though the walk was to her rather a long one, Mrs. Garnet ventured upon it, from a desire to see the scene of her grand niece's danger.

A small tinge of the rose, on the cheek of Miss Campinet, gave the intelligence of something to Miss Fluart.

“My dear,” said Miss Campinet, “I think we had better return.”

“Yes,” said Miss Fluart, “but not by the way we came. For if I am right, the other way comes your hero, and probably his mother; though I thought he had none. You know, my dear, I have not seen him this month; and to tell you the truth, I long for it very much. What pity it is, he should be a savage, and not love lords.”

Miss Campinet, though not without a little real or seeming reluctance, yielded to the inclinations of her friend. The parties met. The gentlemen made their obeisance.

The

The young ladies returned their courtesies, but with something like a reserve on the part of Miss Campinet, and passed on.

They had proceeded an hundred yards, perhaps, and Miss Fluart was beginning to give vent to a small matter of ill humour at this stupid formality, when a step was heard behind, and a voice that said, "And is pride too the attribute of Miss Campinet?"

She turned about. It was Mr. Herm sprong who had spoken thus, and there was something a little like indignation in his face.

"Why," said Miss Campinet; "why, Sir, am I accused of pride?"

"Know you that lady?"

"No, Mr. Herm sprong, indeed I do not."

"Her name is Garnet now, once Maria Campinet, the sister of your grandfather, the late Sir William Campinet. Can she be totally unknown to you?"

"I have heard my late aunt mention a Mrs. Garnet, who was said to have disgraced her family by marriage."

"Oh pride! pride! Was she never the subject of Lord Grondale's discourse?"

"Never that I know of. I believe it is
a rule

a rule of our house, never to speak of any branch of it who have offended."

"Not to-day did Lord Grondale speak of her?"

"No, Sir: My father was not quite as usual to-day, but I know not the cause."

"She is the cause; that venerable lady; the sister of his father. That pride should be a giant, and humanity a dwarf!"

"Is my father the cause of this apostrophe?"

"Yes, good heavens! yes. But pardon me, Miss Campinet, to you such things should not be said. Your gentle nature knows not barbarity. You are too just and too good for pride of this odious stamp. I have distressed you. I entreat your pardon. My indignation was just, but ought not to have been disclosed to you."

Mr. Hermsprong now gave Miss Campinet a summary of Mrs. Garnet's history. It was with some pathos he drew a picture of her distresses; and concluded with the hopes and wishes Mrs. Garnet had so fondly and tenderly expressed.

The recital drew many a sigh from Miss Campinet.

"Indeed," said she,—“indeed Mr. Hermsprong, I wish to pay my duty to my venerable relation,—to pay it this instant; but, situated as I am, is it proper?”

“Why

"Why not, Miss Campinet?"

"Mr. Hermsprong, your benevolent virtues excite my admiration. As a brother, I could consult and confide in you. But you hate or despise my father. This is too visible. It grieves me. Yet I must express my wonder at so fixed an aversion. My father may be proud; but is it so uncommon to be proud? Or is it uncommon for a person to be angry at another who defeats a favourite purpose? This unhappy prejudice prevents me from considering you as the proper person to give me the advice I want. I long to pay my duty to my respectable aunt,—but my father! Need I say more?"

"You are ever amiable, Miss Campinet, even in your errors."

"Errors! can filial obedience ever be error?"

"I have been taught, and taught by a father, to attend to the truth of things only, and to reject all prejudices that lead to injustice. An illegal act you must not do, even by the command of a father; and ought you to do a wrong one?"

"But surely it may be wrong to do a right thing, when prohibited by a father."

"What, if that right thing be a duty also,

also, and the prohibition pride, prejudice, or caprice?"

"And ought a child to erect herself into a judge of her father's motives?"

"Adieu, Miss Campinet. I must join the respectable Mrs. Garnet, to whose calamities I now fear you will add one, deeper than most of those she has already suffered."

"Stop, Mr. Hermsprong, I beg you stop. Whatever be the consequence, I entreat you to introduce me to my revered aunt. Whatever be the consequence, I will obey the impulse of my heart. Do you condemn me, Miss Fluart?"

"No, indeed."

"Miss Fluart," said Hermsprong, "I ask a thousand pardons; I have sinned dreadfully against politeness."

"I was indeed afraid I should not have had the honour of Mr. Hermsprong's notice," said Miss Fluart.

"Pardon me, madam; my mind was full; and full indeed it must have been, when it shut my eyes to the charming Miss Fluart."

"When your compliments do come however, they come in a full stream."

"No, Miss Fluart, I am but a learner of this art, and awkward, as learners usually are. But see, Miss Campinet; Mrs. Garnet

net hast stopped. Permit me to introduce you to each other."

Mr. Hermsprong broke the first cold forms of ceremony; Mrs. Garnet looked, rather than spoke her satisfaction, and embraced her dear relation with ardour. Miss Campinet entreated indulgence for errors; and hoped she might be able to atone for past neglect, by future attention. A little while they walked together; and then parted, much delighted with the rencontre.

C H A P. XXXIII.

THIS pleasure, to Miss Campinet, was at her return, damped by the still gloomy appearance of Lord Grondale. Mrs. Stone was indisposed, and Doctor Blick gone home; so his lordship and the young ladies sat down to supper in solemn silence. When the table was diserved, Miss Campinet ventured to say, I fear you are not well, papa. His lordship's answer was not in his kindest manner. It was a question rather sternly asked; "Who were those
those

those people you were walking with on the moor?"

"The lady was Mrs. Garnet," Miss Campinet replied; "the gentlemen, Mr. Hermsprong and Mr. Glen."

"It is very remarkable, Caroline," said his lordship, "that if there be people in the world I more particularly dislike, you are sure to select them for your acquaintance and favourites."

"Indeed, papa, they are not selected; they are my acquaintance by accident. Mr. Glen indeed was known to my late aunt; and was very obliging in procuring me books and music. Mrs. Garnet I never saw, nor scarce heard of, before to-day. To Mr. Hermsprong I owe my life. I ought to be grateful; but your lordship not approving, I dare only be civil. If we meet, it is merely by accident."

"Accident," his lordship answered, "is a most useful person, and the greatest pimp in the creation. Accident, I suppose, carried you back to these people, after you had passed them."

"No, Sir. I did not know Mrs. Garnet till Mr. Hermsprong followed to reproach me for not taking notice of her. It was then I first learned our consanguinity, her merit, and her distresses. I thought it my duty to pay her my respects. I hope I have
your

your approbation, papa, and your permission to repeat them. Mrs. Garnet is at present Mr. Hermsprong's guest."

"Very good," said his lordship; "how admirable is the artless simplicity of young ladies! If you are grateful, Caroline, you will raise an altar to accident. Accident carried you to the brink of Lippen Crag, and placed your hero there. Accident has made him leave off a life like that of the wandering Jew. Accident has enforced him to buy a house, and settle in this charming neighbourhood. Accident, no doubt, introduced him to my fool of an aunt; an accident caused him to bring her here. So accident has opened you a road into Hermsprong's house; and made that which the world would call a breach of decorum, seem a duty."

"How cruel this is," said Miss Campinet, bursting into tears.

"My dear," said Miss Fluart, "his lordship means nothing by all this, but to shew his ingenuity."

"I mean all I say, and more," Lord Grondale replied.

"Then," said Miss Fluart, "it is the compleatest triumph of pride and prejudice over poor common sense, that has ever fallen under my notice."

"Now,"

"Now," returned Lord Grondale, "for a specimen of your ingenuity."

"But I cannot really believe that it does appear to your lordship, that Mr. Herm-sprong sought Mrs. Garnet with a view to give Caroline an opportunity to come to his house."

"Such may be my suspicions, I presume," Lord Grondale answered, "without any impeachment of my understanding."

"I allow it to be very cunning, and very characteristic," Miss Fluart replied; "I only deny its truth."

"I can very readily suppose, Miss Flu-art, that you know the truth better than myself; but I cannot so easily suppose you will impart it to me."

"Why not, my lord?"

"Oh! it is absurd in me to imagine that so immaculate a lady as Miss Campinet should have secrets she would not chuse a father should know; or that she should have a friend who would not chuse to betray her."

"So kind a father must claim unlimited confidence. But Caroline is bashful; so I will tell your lordship a plain tale, that will convince you of its truth, if your lordship does not find it inconvenient and disagreeable to be convinced."

To this Lord Grondale made no reply.

"Mrs. Garnet," continued Miss Fluart, "has been known to Mr. Glen many years. He is rather a compassionate man, and always lamented, though he could little relieve her distresses. In talking over the memoirs of the house of Grondale with Mr. Hermsprong, Mrs. Garnet came to be spoken of; and this stranger, a compassionate man also, took it into his head, that the aunt of Lord Grondale ought not to want bread; and having now a house of his own, he went to her, and prevailed upon her, I know not by what arguments, to accept this house as her asylum."

"The arguments," said his lordship, "may be guessed at."

"They may, my lord; but they may be guessed at wrong, if in benevolence, your lordship will see nothing but cunning, and in integrity, nothing but self."

"It is not absolutely necessary, Miss Fluart," said his lordship, with much dignity, "that things should appear in the same light to you as to me. I presume I have seen more of the world than you have. With me, the simple credulity of youth is past. Men are benevolent for many purposes; some not very laudable. And in your opinion, is it extremely absurd to suppose that a young fellow, whom

whom nobody knows, who has no connexions, or keeps them secret, should be an adventurer and desirous of making the most of his good fortune?"

"And why, my lord, is suspicion, with her ifs and ands, so forward, and candour so backward? What better criterion is there to judge of men as well as trees, than by your fruits ye shall know them."

"Judge as you please, Miss Fluart, and give me leave to do the same. Only, when you chuse to favour me with your ideas, have the goodness to spare your inuendoes; and do not suppose my conduct to Mrs. Garnet is without cause."

"Oh dear! my lord, I never supposed any such thing; every body knows there are two causes."

"May I enquire what they are?"

"Oh,—but it is not polite to call every thing by its proper name. Besides, your lordship may be angry."

"Politeness to Lord Grondale does not seem to make a part of Miss Fluart's necessities. His anger indeed might be rather disagreeable; but it cannot be excited by the opinions of a mob."

"This is a most convenient way of thinking for the great; in whose favour mob does not now form many of its notions. On other accounts, as well as Mrs. Gar-

net's, it accuses Lord Grondale of pride and avarice.

His lordship nodded.

"As to avarice," continued Miss Fluart, "it is a substantial cause; I have nothing to say against it; nor indeed against pride much; what would rank be good for without it? But as the sons of nobility honour the daughters of plebeians, when they happen to be rich; I do not see why the daughters of nobility may not honour the sons of plebeians, for like causes."

"I believe, Miss Fluart, it is better to avoid discussing opinions of this sort. What I expect from my daughter is obedience; and I dare say I shall have it,—if Miss Fluart pleases."

"What, my lord! implicit obedience and unconditional submission."

"Even so, Miss Fluart."

"That never fits well upon men's stomachs, and hardly upon women's; though I must own they are properly brought up for it,—some of them."

"I think not, if you mean Miss Campinet. But we shall see. The first mark of obedience I exact from her is, never, on any pretence, to enter Hermsprong's doors."

"May I not be allowed, Sir," said the timid

timid Caroline, "somewhere to pay my duty to my aunt."

"No; I forbid it; she has no claim upon your duty. That woman is renounced; and the renunciation is a family act."

"This is very hard indeed, said Miss Campinet, the tears pouring into her fair eyes. "I hope I have your lordship's permission to retire."

"I find no difficulty in indulging you in that request," said his lordship; and the mortified Caroline hastily withdrew.

After a few minutes silence, during which the rose and the lily had contended for empire in Miss Fluart's pretty face; she said, with a smiling archness, "Pray, my lord, how long do you intend to live?"

"As long as possible," returned his lordship.

"That is really very cruel now. If it was not for that terrible resolution," continued Miss Fluart, going to him, and stroking his face with playful wantonness, "I don't know but I should offer myself for this girl's stepmother; for I love authority and a coach and six; and though your lordship's commands are so perfectly reasonable, yet that headstrong girl will think it hard to obey them."

"Greater hardships," Lord Grondale said,

said, "may possibly be the consequence of disobedience."

"Certainly, my lord; for I shall withdraw the light of my motherly countenance from her, and make her stand in a corner, till she cries,—pray, pray."

"This is a subject, Miss Fluart, that might, without much impropriety, be treated with less levity; and as I am not disposed to trifle, I must beg leave to wish you a good night, with this concluding observation: If Miss Campinet assumes the liberty of disposing of herself, without, or contrary to, my approbation, I shall assume the liberty of disposing as I please of the affection and property of Lord Grondale."

The conscious sense of dignity which swelled his lordship's features, on the conception and delivery of this sublime and beautiful sentiment, cannot be described, nor, I presume, felt by plebeian souls; and surely none but plebeian souls will condescend to read these humble memoirs. Miss Fluart seemed about to reply; but Lord Grondale waved his hand by way of prohibition; rang for his valet; wished Miss Fluart an awful good night, and retired.

C H A P. XXXIV

MISS FLUART went to her friend's apartment, whom she found still in tears.

"This crying must be a sweet pretty amusement, Caroline," said she; "you are so fond of it. Could not you teach me the art, my dear?"

"I hope, Maria," Miss Campinet answered, "your tears will flow for others; never for yourself."

"Then you do not find them pleasurable?"

"Comparatively so, Maria; for they relieve pain."

"And this pain too is a sort of favourite very often, if one may judge by the ready admission he finds into gentle bosoms."

"The secret of keeping him out would indeed be invaluable."

"I have it, my dear. It is a discovery of my own; and is nothing more than a profound reflection how troublesome and useless a gentleman he is."

"Alas! he enters before the reflection."

"In that case we must turn him out; and if one sort of consideration will not affect it, a wise person, like myself, will

try an hundred others. Pray, my dear, have you ever made an estimate of the quantity of your father's affection?"

"An estimate! Sure, Maria, it is inestimable."

"Yes, my dear, when in full growth. But Lord Grondale's don't seem to be in that state of dimension."

"This is a subject, Maria, that lies very near my heart."

"I understand the reproof, my dear. But that heart I want to take a naked peep into; to see if it is composed of true feminine matter; if it prefer girandoles and the heart-ach, to a simple candle and content."

"I see the extent of your question, my dear Maria. But suppose I could determine to buy peace with the loss of fortune, would not that peace be as much wounded by my own breach of filial obligation, as by my father's unkindness? If then, (continued Miss Campinet, with a faint smile,) the heart-ach must be borne, one may as well have the girandoles along with it."

"Why, this now, Caroline, is ingenious; and I dare say ingenious; it is so like the rest of the daughters of Eve; and yet it leaves me still in doubt, whether this meek and humble duty has its foundation

dation in love, money, or one or other of the ten commandments."

"You are very whimsical, Maria."

"And you, Caroline, instructive. I had got into the foolish way of thinking that women did not love tyrants, whether husbands or fathers."

"It is a sight of every day, Maria, that women, wives at least, continue to love the tyrants, when the tyranny has become almost insupportable."

"Depend upon it, it is nothing but a habit of fondness the silly things have acquired, and not had time to get rid of."

"But, Maria, a tyrant is a very harsh term; too harsh, I hope, to be properly applied to Lord Grondale."

"Oh quite; for what has he done, but govern with absolute sway, as great men ought; and turn his daughter out of doors, to make room for persons of merit."

"And Mrs. Stone has merit, Maria; let us do her justice; and if my father chooses to treat her more as a friend, than a servant, what right have I to complain?"

"Oh, no!—he might have married her, and begat you a few loving brothers."

"Certainly he might; and had he given me a respectable mother, so far from considering it as an injury, I should have rejoiced at the event."

"Well, Caroline, since you are so fond of respectable step-mothers, I will try to accommodate you. I have some thoughts of taking that dignity upon myself; and am glad to find you in such dutiful inclinations."

"And have you consulted Lord Grondale, mama?"

"Yes, his eyes; and eyes will sometimes betray the secrets of elderly gentlemen, as well as of young maidens. So God bless you, my dear child; be a good girl; and go quietly to sleep."

C H A P. XXXV.

ALL tyranny, that excepted which young ladies exercise over their lovers, Miss Fluart held in tolerable detestation; that of Lord Grondale over Miss Campinet was not the less odious to her, because it assumed variety of shapes. When his lordship was under the gentle influence of pure genuine ill humour, it was the stern frown of authority, that bears not the shadow of disobedience or contradiction.

tion. When the dining table had procured him a cessation of this overflow of bile, and disposed him to hilarity, it was the most bitter irony, that his lordship, and for this he did not want talents, could invent. There was, however, a middle humour, in which he permitted Miss Campinet to enjoy a certain degree of tranquillity; and this desirable portion of harmony, Miss Fluart was desirous to produce in Lord Grondale as often as possible. Her powers of blandishment were not small; and she broke through her own disgust, to exert them from the service of her friend. In the beginning of her little romps with his lordship, she had to contend with a certain hauteur which seemed to say, why should I thus condescend? It was however soon apparent to this young lady, that but for this sense of degradation, her sportive play would not be in the least disagreeable.

In a little time, this dignified sensation appeared to have given way; Lord Grondale seemed growing into fondness; and Miss Fluart was taken with an irresistible inclination to subdue his lordship wholly. She flattered herself it was for the sole purpose of being enabled essentially to serve her friend; and if this was the leading motive, who will blame her, if a desire to plague his lordship, or if a little gratification

tion of vanity were assistant causes. Nothing, however, was farther from her intention than to become the wife of Lord Grondale; and it was therefore a necessary consequence, that nothing on her part should be said or done, that could legally, or in *foro conscientie*, be construed to bind her to such an event.

On the part of Lord Grondale, it was a war of pride with the senses. On some small occasions, he said to himself, this little gipsy has certainly an inclination to become Lady Grondale; and when she had said to him one day,—how amiable you would be my dear lord, if you could always preserve this good humour and vivacity, he became assured of it. Love, like other chronic passions,—I had like to have said diseases,—has its fits of progression and retrocedence, its hot and cold fits. Lord Grondale experienced this. Soon after, he said, she has 20,000*l.* and this associated with the lady's other prettinesses; and finally became the grand auxiliary of love.

Now these were the respective states of mind of the lord and lady, on the morning of that unholy sabbath, when the spectre of Mrs. Garnet appeared in the churchyard. His lordship forgot he was under the necessity of being always in good humour;

mour ; Miss Fluart forgot it was her business to keep him so ; the affair of the evening increased his lordship's irritability ; this revived Miss Fluart's satirical vivacity ; and the melancholy consequence was, the expulsion of love and badinage from the respective breasts of the gentleman and lady ; and when they would have been restored, but for an accident, is more than I can say.

At the extremity of the pleasure ground, bordering on the moor, Lord Grondale, soon after his accession to the estate, had built a sort of pleasure house, an octagon, on an artificial mount. It had obtained the name of the pavilion. In his earlier years, his lordship made of it a sort of temple of fame, and adorned it with the portraits of his own best hunters and racers, and of those who had obtained the greatest renown on the arduous plains of Ascot and Newmarket. This taste declining, these portraits had given place to paintings of another species, capital, no doubt, his lordship having been considered as a connoisseur.

This pavilion Lord Grondale made a kind of sanctum ; it was open only to himself, a few of his more particular friends on their annual visit, and once a week perhaps, usually on Sunday evening, to the person

person of merit. So it happened to be on the eve of that sabbath, so mortifying to Lord Grondale. From thence it was they saw the movements of the parties, as described in our 8th chapter of this volume; which 'tortured his lordship almost to madness,' and subjected Mrs. Stone to his stern rebuke, for the mere endeavour to reason him into placidity.

It was several evenings after this, when Lord Grondale had begun to long for a few of Miss Fluart's sugared sweets, and Miss Fluart to wish he would, that this young lady was strolling the pleasure grounds alone; Miss Campinet having determined that evening to write to Mrs. Garnet; a thing she had attempted every day since her father's prohibition, but in which she had not yet succeeded to her mind. A few yards from the pavilion, turning a walk, Miss Fluart almost ran against Lord Grondale. The good peer said with a tone of good nature, "Have I the pleasure to see Miss Fluart here, and alone?"

"Caroline is indolent," Miss Fluart answered; "she chose the zephyrs of her own apartment, rather than the zephyrs of your lordship's groves. Oh dear, (she continued) now I think of it, I have long had a desire to take a peep into your lordship's pavilion, where you never yet invited me."

"I invite

"I invite you now, then," said Lord Grondale, hobbling up the steps, and unlocking the door."

"I hear," says she ascending, "it is a little palace of paintings."

The first object that struck her view, was her self, her beauteous self, many times multiplied. This was fascinating no doubt, but she got rid of it as soon as she could, and threw her eyes on a lovely piece, representing Jachimo taking notes of the mole cinque spotted on the beauteous bosom of Imogen. The next was Atalanta, straining to recover the ground she had lost by the golden apples; her bosom bare, her zone unloosed, her garments streaming with the wind. From the four following pieces, the pavilion might, not improperly, have been denominated the Temple of Venus. The first gave the goddess rising from the sea. The second asleep; a copy of Titian. The third, accompanied with Juno and Minerva, appealing to Paris. The fourth, in Vulcan's net with Mars.

However capital these might be, they were such as ladies are not accustomed to admire in the presence of gentlemen. There was, however, a superb sofa; on which a lady might sit down with all possible propriety. Miss Fluart did sit down; but the prospect from thence rather increased

ed than diminished a little matter of confusion, which she felt on the view of the company she seemed to have got into.

She was rising to leave the pavilion, when his lordship, in the most gallant manner possible, claimed a fine, due he said, by the custom of the manor, from every lady who honoured that sofa by sitting on it. His lordship meant simply a kiss, which I believe he would have taken respectfully enough, had Miss Fluart been passive; but, I know not why, the lady seemed to feel an alarm, for which probably she had no reason; and was intent only upon running away, whilst his lordship was intent only upon seizing his forfeit. A fine muslin apron was ill treated upon this occasion; a handkerchief was ruffled, and some beautiful hair had strayed from its confinement, and wantoned upon its owner's polished neck. She got away, however, from this palace of painting, and its dangerous sofa.

"Upon my word, my dear Miss Fluart," said his lordship, getting down after her as fast as he was able, "you are quite a prude to-day. I thought you superior to the nonsense of your sex, the making such a rout about a kiss."

"A kiss! Lord bless me," said Miss Fluart, "I thought from the company your lordship had brought me into, and the
mode

mode of your attack, you had wanted to undress me."

Lord Grondale burst into an immoderate laugh, and declared it was the drollest idea in the world. Miss Fluart laughed too, and stopped to hear his lordship's exculpation; which she accepted without much difficulty, having a favour to ask, that could scarce be granted, except in his lordship's very best humour.

Whether a kiss refused is more a promoter of love than a kiss granted, or whether there is any thing inflammatory in pulling a young lady's cloaths to pieces, it is certain Lord Grondale now found himself very seriously in love.

After they had walked together a little time, his lordship said, "My dear Miss Fluart, you are the most charming, the most irresistible girl in the universe. In pity to myself, I must avoid you, unless—unless I could learn to behold you with less affection, or inspire you with more."

"Oh dear!" returned Miss Fluart; "why lordship's love fit is come on again. I thought it had been gone for good. But I hope, as it has got a trick of coming and going, it will not incommode your lordship much."

"Miss Fluart," said the peer gravely, "I could wish to be serious on a serious occasion. Can you,—a few minutes?"

"Oh

"Oh yes, certainly, upon a serious occasion. But I thought love had been a light-hearted airy thing, all joy and sport. If it is so solemn I shall not at all like it."

"Should you, Miss Fluart, if I should offer to lay my rank, my title, my person, and fortune at your feet—should you think it worth a serious consideration?"

"Why, my lord, these are very serious things, no doubt; one should like to tread upon some of them. But, indeed, my lord, you would lose too much, if I should accept your rash offer. How can your lordship expect greater felicity than with a person of Mrs. Stone's merit? In whom, you have one of the best of wives, without a wife's odious prerogative."

"You suppose, then, I have improper connexions with this lady?"

"I did not say any thing about improper connexions, my lord; they may be very proper, for any thing I know—for your lordship."

"That Mrs. Stone is any thing more to me than my housekeeper, who has any right to suppose?"

"Only that in the ordinary course of things, housekeepers do not preside at great tables; so one presumes there may be an extra measure of kindness."

"Mrs.

"Mrs. Stone is a person of family under misfortunes."

"I adore your lordship's generosity and condescension; more especially as one of her misfortunes is loss of character in your lordship's service."

"I presume Miss Fluart is in this mistaken."

"Nothing more possible. It may be quite the contrary. She may have gained character for ought I know. But whether Mrs. Stone's be loss or gain, yours, my lord, will be certain loss by the change. Oh, but perhaps your lordship does not mean to change. Perhaps you intend this lady shall preserve the presidency."

"My dear Miss Fluart, how could such a notion enter your head?"

"By the eye, my lord. One looks at Miss Campinet. One reasons upon past events. One makes conjectures of the future."

"I look upon my daughter as a guest only. She will probably marry. Mrs. Stone is an excellent manager. I did not think it prudent to offend her, and disarrange my household."

"And I really think it would be better for your lordship to continue prudent. I am not qualified to represent Mrs. Stone."

"Thou art the oddest girl."

"Yes,

"Yes, I know it, and advise your lordship accordingly. A staid grave man like you, and a peer of the realm, to think of a giddy flirt like me. Consider, my lord, if you should repent, and I dare say you will, a wife is not so easy to get rid of."

"Oh,—I will run all risques."

"Then I shall take whole years of courtship; and after that you will have to fight half a hundred duels; for I have a little army of lovers, and a cross guardian who frights them away."

"Miss Fluart cannot want admirers; but may I presume to ask, is there one more favoured than the rest?"

"No, not one, unless they take it in their heads, as your lordship may do, that looking at them, and hearing them talk, is favour."

"And your heart, my dear Miss Fluart, is quite free?"

"Oh quite! and likely enough so to continue; for to tell you a secret, my lord, a fop is my aversion; and there are so few men, young men now, who are not fops."

"That is a most admirable sentiment; and manifests great solidity of mind. You must be Lady Grondale."

"I don't feel the necessity of it, my lord."

"But I do."

"It requires vast consideration; more than

than my poor brain will ever be able to bear. So take notice, my lord; and don't say hereafter, that I have encouraged your lordship in so silly a pursuit. Besides, what would Mrs. Stone say?"

"Be persuaded, my dear Miss Fluart; Mrs. Stone is nothing to me."

"No,—I cannot give your lordship credit for so much ingratitude. But let us talk no more of it till this day twelvemonth. Once a year is quite enough. And now, my lord, when do you expect your annual visitors?"

"Very soon; a month perhaps."

"It will be about the time my guardian requires my return; and as your visitors are all unaccompanied by ladies, I presume it would be your lordship's wish, Miss Campinet should be absent. Will you give her leave to accompany me to Fal-mouth during that time?"

"Hermsprong will follow her there, perhaps."

"My lord, I do not pretend to take upon me to answer for things over which I have no controul. This I can assure your lordship, I have no cause to suppose he will; or that he would be received by Caroline if he did."

"You will return with her?"

"If your lordship invites me."

"Be

"Be assured of that; and I shall commit Caroline to your care with perfect confidence; assured you will not permit her to stain the honour of a noble house, of which, I hope, you will soon be the greatest ornament."

"My lord, if you indulge in such suppositions, have the goodness to ascribe your disappointment, when it comes, to its true cause, the ardor of your imagination."

They were now at the hall door. His lordship took the way to his library, to indulge the ardour of his imagination. Miss Fluart to her friend's dressing-room; and shewing her habiliments to Miss Campinet, "See," said she, "your gallant father."

"Yes, I do see," answered Miss Campinet, gravely.

"Oh," said Miss Fluart, "and so do I,—an advertisement that you have imported a new cargo of wisdom. But don't unpack till my next folly. This I cannot repent of, since its consequence is so delightful. I have obtained your father's leave that you shall go with me to Falmouth, during the time his riots are to last."

"Indeed it is a most pleasing consequence to me. I did not dare to indulge myself in the hope it could ever be obtained."

"Acknowledge my powers of persuasion."

"Most

"Most willingly ; though I must own, (looking at her little disarrangement,) they appear to have been oddly exerted."

"Yes, I have been with your father in his pavilion."

"It is a favour, I believe, granted to very few."

"To none, my dear, but persons of merit. And indeed it ought to be confined to the deserving few, it is so charming. At one's entrance one is struck with a view of the most pleasing object in the world—one's own dear self, reflected from eight mirrors. Then there is such a variety of carving, and gilding, and painting. And the pictures, Caroline; as a connoisseur you must have admired them; but I, who have no pretensions, could hardly, for pity's sake, look upon such poor naked objects. My dear, for all they were goddesses, very few of them had any cloaths to their backs. So I sat down upon a sofa, and such a sofa, Caroline, it is certainly alive. Then comes my lord, and seizes me as a stray upon his premises. So I got up and ran away—not, as you see, without some little disarrangement. After all, it was only a kiss his lordship wanted, by way of fine; and I am sure he should have had a dozen, if he had bargained for them at the price of your going to Falmouth."

"Thank

"Thank you, my dear; but I don't advise you to be lavish of this sort of coin; lest you should diminish its value."

"Never fear."

C H A P. XXXVI.

AT length Miss Campinet had finished her letter to Mrs. Garnet; not one with which she could be perfectly satisfied, but after many trials, as much so as any thing she could produce.

TO MRS. GARNET.

"Most revered madam,

"The pleasure I promised myself from paying my duty to the only relation of my own sex, so respectable for her virtues and her misfortunes, so long unknown, and seeming to be sent me by the kind hand of Providence, was infinite; so is my disappointment. My father forbids my attentions, and never could he have more severely taxed my obedience. Whether I owe implicit submission to a command I cannot

cannot help thinking as unjust as cruel, I am in doubt. Condescend, dear madam, to instruct, to guide me. If you say, Come,—although I should not chuse openly, and as it were in defiance, against his direct commands, yet I would endeavour to find some more concealed mode of indulgence. To Mr. Hermsprong's house, indeed, I must not come after the harsh things my father has said to me on the subject, and the injustice he has done me by ill-founded suspicions.

“Whatsoever may have been the prejudices which have produced a prohibition, to me so painful, I know them not. If I am acquainted with my own heart, it feels for you only the sincerest esteem and affection; and that I may one day be permitted to shew them, is the prayer of,

Dear madam,

Your most dutiful and affectionate,

CAROLINE CAMPINET.”

P. S. “Since the above, I learn from Miss Fluart, that my father permits me to accompany her back to Falmouth, and stay there a month or two”.

This letter cost Mrs. Garnet many tears. She answered thus:

" My dear niece,

" My disappointment also, is infinite. Much of my dependance, for the comfort of my declining years, I had placed in you ; and much, the idea of being known and beloved by you, assisted Mr. Herm sprong's persuasion to remove to my native place. Cruel Lord Grondale ! but to you, my dear, I will not complain ; nor can I encourage you to act openly or secretly, against your father's commands. I should only open a new source of calamity to myself, by involving you.

" No, my dear, at present let things remain as they are ; I will comfort myself with the knowledge, that you would treat me kindly, if you might.

" From the hint you give me respecting Mr. Herm sprong, I comprehend what would probably be Lord Grondale's inferences, were you to come here. Lord Grondale, indeed, mistakes when he supposes Mr. Herm sprong capable of any clandestine proceedings whatever. He is the warmest idolater of truth, the most determined enemy of duplicity I have ever known. Whenever my dearest niece changes her condition, the best possible wish for her is, that her choice may fall on such a man.

man. To know, is to love him. That you may have an agreeable journey, prays

Your affectionate aunt,

M. GARNET."

To know is to love him. Alas! then, said Miss Campinet, with a sigh, I wish my father knew him, or I did not.

C H A P. XXXVII.

ALL men who chuse to govern by force or fraud, find suspicion a pretty constant attendant upon their machinations. Knaves are necessary for spies upon honest men; rogues, for spies upon knaves. As Lord Grondale travelled generally, like most great men, upon the high road of *je le veux*—*Telle est mon plaisir*,—it was expedient for him to know, if there were people about him, who durst assist his daughter in disobeying the orders he had honoured her with respecting Mrs. Garnet; for he took care these orders should be no secret. He well knew also by what little arts he could gain intelligence. In less than two hours

M 2

after

after Miss Campinet's footman had brought the answer from Mrs. Garnet, it was known to Lord Grondale that he had been there, though not exactly for what purpose.

This footman his lordship ordered into his presence, and said to him, with a brow of awful menace. "You have been at Hermsprong's this morning?"

"Ye—ye—yes," says the man, hesitatingly.

"What was your business?"

"To—to—carry a letter, my lord."

"To whom?"

"To Mrs. Garnet, my lord."

"From whom?"

At this question, it flashed into the mind of the man, that something was in agitation against the peace of his mistress; so he answered, "From Miss Fluart, my lord."

His lordship rang the bell.

"Let Miss Campinet know I desire to speak to her in the library."

She came.

"Here," says his lordship,—“here is your footman tells me he has taken a letter from you to Hermsprong's this morning.”

"No, my lord," says the man, "I did not say so; I said from Miss Fluart."

"And why did you say so, James?" said Miss Campinet; "I am sorry any motive should make you deviate from the truth."

Yes,

Yes, Sir, James took a letter from me to Mrs. Garnet."

"And brought you an answer?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I desire to see that answer."

"I hope you will not desire it, papa."

"Oh, then I guess the contents. Very agreeable it must be, to find myself the butt of the slander of an aunt who has disgraced her family, and of a daughter who probably will disgrace it very soon."

"Here is the letter, Sir: It is indeed a breach of confidence; but my aunt will pardon it, when she knows what a cruel inference it was intended to obviate."

Lord Grondale read the letter, and this was his comment, which he did not chuse to restrain, though Miss Campinet's servant was still in the room waiting his lordship's commands.

"Yes—yes—cruel—cruel on both sides. On one, I endeavour to prevent an old woman from being a pander to her grand-niece; on the other, a young fool from running headlong to drown herself in a sea of folly. But of this, Miss Campinet, and of your disobedience to my positive commands, another time. At present I have business."

Miss Campinet, I know not whether most terrified or disgusted, withdrew.

"Now Sir," said his lordship, "for you. I pay you your wages, not to tell me lies, but to obey my orders."

"I had no orders," replied James, rather sullenly.

"When I think it necessary to give general orders, I expect my whole family to observe them."

"My lord, I did not know I was your servant; I lived with Mrs. Merrick six years; when she died Miss Campinet retained me."

"Is it so, Sir? I shall take the liberty to discharge you notwithstanding. Make your bill, and carry it to Brown."

"I shall carry it to my mistress, my lord; I have nothing to do with Brown."

"Out of my sight, you insolent puppy."

"I never desire to come into it, to see the best young lady in the world, used worse than a nigger."

James went immediately to Miss Campinet, who smiling through her tears, thanked him for his good will, but reproved him for telling stories; and having made him a handsome present, said, when Lord Grondale's passion was over, she hoped she might obtain permission for him to return.

James answered, he should prefer her service to every other, if she was her own mistress;

mistress; but he had rather work day-labour than live in a house where he must see his mistress ill used; and curse me, added James, if I will, whilst I have life and limb.

"My dear," said Miss Fluart, when James was gone, "whilst I have life and limb I will never be your mother-in-law; and yet you do want some such body to take care of you."

"Indeed I am little able to take care of myself."

"Now, Caroline, keep the Vth commandment, and honour your father,—if you can. No doubt, it is a very pretty duty, when it is possible to be performed. Where it is not, children must do as well as they can. Dissimulation, I hope is not one of the seven deadly sins; for it is monstrous convenient on certain occasions."

"If it ever is a necessity, Maria, sure it is the most disagreeable one that can be imposed on an ingenuous mind, and yet you, my dear, have taken it voluntarily upon you."

"No, indeed. It is a necessity imposed by friendship."

"My heart thanks you, Maria; but my judgment is against you."

"I am content with your heart, my dear."

"When Lord Grondale discovers the

deceit, as soon he must, shall I be the better treated for it?"

"I think my dear, I can make his lordship dance the dance of expectation a couple of years at least; and whilst I am mother expectant, I hope I may be able to dispose of my daughter in an honourable manner.

So saying, this mother expectant withdrew in a most matronly manner to her own dressing-room.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

IT was on the following morning Lord Grondale received a letter, whose contents were these:

"My Lord,

"A certain James Smith, hearing I wanted a servant, has offered himself, and might suit me, could I depend upon his veracity. Of this, I have certain reasons to doubt, and imagine your lordship can have

have no objection to satisfy me respecting this essential part of moral character.

"Obedient to the forms of politeness, I am

Your lordship's obedient servant,
CHARLES HERMSPRONG."

Mr. Hermsprong received this answer:

"Sir,

"I am ordered by Lord Grondale, my master, to let you know that he does not understand what right you can possibly have, to trouble him with your concerns? or why you should expect he would condescend to answer impertinence.

Your servant to command,

SAMUEL GRANT."

P. S. "Having obeyed my lord's orders, I hope you will not take it ill, for how could I do otherwise? But as to James Smith, he's as honest a fellow as ever broke bread; and as to his being a liar, I don't think he ever told a lie in his life, to do any body any harm; as for a joke I can't say."

On the next day Lord Grondale had the following.

M 5

"Is

“Is it necessary to Lord Grondale that I should never know any thing personal of him, but his pride? Or hear, but of his meanness? If James Smith, as I learn from all but your lordship, he may, can be depended upon for veracity, for what virtues may we depend upon Lord Grondale? For justice? when he can discharge an honest servant for simple obedience to his duty. For kindness? when he can prohibit his angelic daughter from all correspondence with his own venerable aunt, than whom, a more respectable lady the house of Grondale never produced. Is a vindictive spirit so necessarily a constitutional ingredient of noble blood, that twenty-five years, many of them years of suffering, cannot dispose a noble mind to forgiveness? Or, is the marrying a man of honour and probity so deadly a sin, that no time, no misfortune can obliterate it? If Mrs. Garnet, not knowing its value, threw away any part of the pride she might be supposed to inherit, did she diminish any of your lordship's stock? But of what quality is that pride, which bends to mean suspicions, and still meaner actions? Could Lord Grondale demand to see Mrs. Garnet's letter to his daughter? Could he read it? And after reading it, could he stigmatize his venerable and virtuous aunt with the
horrid

horrid appellation of pander to her niece? I have not the egregious folly to suppose that what I have written, will give your lordship any sentiments, but of indignation. You will be astonished at the presumption of an obscure person, daring thus to address a man of your rank and fortune. I claim, however, and shall always claim, the right to hear and see; the right to contemplate human actions; and the right to despise those I should blush to commit. Alas! the man who is destined to become your lordship's biographer, must find his motive in money; and matter of elogium in his invention. But even invention should have some foundation in truth; and there are some traits of your lordship, perhaps in the more early part of your life, which would puzzle a Jesuit to justify, or a poet to turn to praise.

CHARLES HERMSPRONG."

This letter was delivered to Lord Grondale, soon after dinner, before the desert, the wine, or the ladies had left the table. His lordship was even in good humour, for he thought he had repelled Hermsprong's impertinence with proper dignity, and never did he contemplate himself with more complacency, than when
he

he believed he had kept this dignity in high preservation.

Unless physiologists would do us the favour to explain what motions, solid or fluid, are going on within our microcosms, when from a state of placidity we grow in an instant raving mad, I know not why we novel writers should be at the trouble of noting the outward marks with precision, such as redness of face, or lividity, with swearing, or gnashing of teeth. It is sufficient to say, that Lord Grondale, on reading this fatal epistle, lost at once his patience, his paternity, and his politeness. He threw it at Miss Campinet, saying, it is to you, Miss, to you, I am obliged for this insult; but, assure yourself, you shall repent it to the last hour of your life.

Mrs. Stone, alarmed at this sudden rage, rose and left the room; Miss Campinet took the letter, trembling, and read, or seemed to read; for indeed she was too much agitated to understand more of it, than that James Smith, probably, had reported the conversation in Lord Grondale's library, and that this was a letter of reproach.

His lordship in the meantime amused himself with pacing the room with angry steps, (slides they should have been, had the gout so pleased) and exclaiming,
"The

"The insolence of the scoundrel! to dare to insult a peer of the realm, a man of my rank and consequence! But I will rid the country of him, if it costs me 5000l."

"I am sorry, papa," said Miss Campinet, when his lordship appeared to have recovered his powers of attention, "I am sorry, but I hope you do not impute to me things of which I have no knowledge."

"How do I know that? How could that insolent fellow know what passed betwixt you and I, but by your communication?"

"I had the mortification to receive your lordship's cruel reproof before James Smith."

"Are you sure you did not give him a hint how agreeable his tale would be at that damned house?"

"Is it possible my father can suppose it?"

"Easily. Duty and propriety are soon lost, when girls get love in their heads."

"I should be miserable under your displeasure, Sir, had I not the comfort of knowing it is unjust."

"A pretty sentimental flight that; and might have had something in it fifty years since. Daughters now, don't grow miserable for such flight causes as a father's displeasure."

"I beg leave, my lord, to retire."

When

When Miss Campinet had left the room, Miss Fluart said, "I must own, my lord, I thought you rather more of a philosopher."

"Who can philosophize under such damned provocation?"

"Why, not Lord Grondale; the more is the pity. And of what colour may this mighty provocation be?"

"Read that cursed letter."

"Why, I must own," said Miss Fluart, after reading, "it seems to be written with great force of contempt."

"It is beyond endurance."

"But after all, is there much wisdom in suffering one's tranquillity to lie at the mercy of every man who can call names?"

Lord Grondale answered this by a new execration of Mr. Hermsprong.

Miss Fluart continued. "Your lordship has surmised that this young man might presume to raise his aspiring hopes as high as Miss Campinet. This letter must convince you that he can have no such pretensions; for no man, not absolutely an idiot, could take so preposterous a method of courtship."

"My dear Miss Fluart," said his lordship, "you are my better angel; you tranquillize, you charm me. What are a thousand daughters compared with so sweet a friend?"

"When

“When Lord Grondale’s fond fits came on, he had a way of making love with his hands; not very disagreeable perhaps to young ladies from young gentlemen; but very much so from old ones.

To divert this manual operation, Miss Fluart said, “I perceive, my lord, that Caroline puts you very oft, as Shakespeare says, into impatient thoughts; not, I believe from any fault of hers, but because your lordship’s imagination has gone astray, and has fancied the things that are not. Would it not conduce to your lordship’s peace, therefore, to permit us to make our journey to Falmouth immediately?”

“If I could hope, my dear Miss Fluart, that a wish to return was included in the wish to go, I should be happy.”

“There are three things I should like to give your lordship,—faith, hope, and charity; but I despair of two of them; and where they are not, I think hope should not be.”

“Oh! give me that,” said his gallant lordship, “and I will take every thing with it you wish to give.”

“Oh, but, my lord, matrimony follows hope; does it not?”

“I answer from your own Shakespeare,—‘tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

“But

“But that was death, not matrimony. Indeed they are both horrid things. I verily believe I shall never be able to endure the thoughts of either.”

“You are a dear capricious girl,” said his lordship; “I feel I can have no will but your’s.”

C H A P. XXXIX.

ALL ladies know;—for all ladies read novels—how extremely dangerous the roads of England are for female travellers, who happen to be young and handsome. The banditti who infest these roads, are of the higher order of mortal men; such as seldom arrive at the gallows; whatsoever may be the pains they take to do it; lords, knights, and gentlequires. It is their cruel practice to seize, and carry away *vi et armis*, that is, in chaises drawn by flying horses, that distinguished part of the fair sex, called heroines; and confine them in very elegant prisons, where they sometimes cut off their heads; though more generally, the sweet creatures are, as in
days

days of yore, under the protection of some magician, by whose potent aid they escape without much injury. Surely I did not consider these things, when I turned my two lovely girls to this wide world of danger, with no other guide but their own discretion; a quality indeed inherent in and inseparable from, the dear sex; but deprived of a little of its original elasticity, by having passed through the hands of that great grandmother of us all, the too credulous Eve.

For this time, however, they escaped all danger; and were set down at the house of Mr. Sumelin, who received them with so little ceremony, that one might conclude he was really pleased to see them. But Mr. Sumelin's deficiency was amply supplied by his lady and eldest daughter, whose pleasure and happiness were so profuse, that the same wicked concluder might say all the cordiality lay in the expression; and indeed there was so much of it, that Miss Charlotte Sumelin was under the necessity of speaking her welcome by the eye; an eye moistened by the tear of pure pleasure. Friendship, they say, is of two sorts, that which is to be felt, and that which is to be said. Both here, at the service of our fair travellers; and whilst they make their choice, and form their
arrange-

arrangements at Falmouth, let us leave them, to attend our principal personage, Lord Grondale, now unhappily tormented by two almost incompatible passions, love and revenge.

The business imposed upon his lordship by each of these was highly disagreeable. Mrs. Stone had been, and indeed still was, of great personal utility to his lordship, and it was a matter of infinite difficulty to inform her, that her services would in a short time be no longer required. It would, or should be, quite as difficult to put in execution against Mr. Hermsprong, laws which he had never broke. For against the laws of England, or any laws but of pride and arrogance, he had not offended; but, such is the constitution of great and noble minds, an affront is more unpardonable than a crime.

"Mrs. Stone," said his lordship, one day when he had gathered together a sufficient quantity of courage to begin the meditated battle, I could have forgiven that scoundrel, Hermsprong, a thousand affronts, better than that cursed one of purchasing Bellegrove. It has been long intended by me, as a sweet and honourable retreat for you, my dear Mrs. Stone, when (for the world is full of incidents) any thing should happen which might make it expedient for

us to separate; for there I might hope still to be benefited by your wisdom and prudence."

Now certainly this was as civil and polite a speech as could well be found to begin a quarrel with; and yet there was in it something not quite agreeable to the lady. She had long desired to be Lady Grondale. It was a trifle on which she had set her heart; it was a reward she thought due to her merit and services; and she had contemplated the probability of it, arising from his lordship's increasing infirmities, till it had almost become certainty. It was not therefore without some degree of alarm, she had observed his lordship's behaviour, for she could not avoid seeing some tender looks at least, to Miss Fluart; it was preposterous indeed to think it could have any consequences; yet she did not like it. All the civility, therefore, of his lordship's speech, could not atone for the idea of separation which it inculcated, and which threw her into a momentary astonishment, not without some mixture of resentment. Recovering a little from this, she replied, "She wished she could compliment his lordship upon his sincerity, as well as his politeness."

"How is that, madam."

"Deeds, my lord, are a better proof of
since-

sincerity than words. Had my wisdom and prudence been of value to your lordship, you would have taken the obvious means to make them your own for life."

"Means may be obvious, madam, that may not be proper."

"Your lordship must do as you please, and I as I can. If you are not satisfied with my care and attention——"

"Very much so, Mrs. Stone; but to tell you the truth, I am disposed to marry. My daughter has offended me; she has got that Hermsprong in her head. To disinheritor her requires some troublesome legal operations. A shorter and pleasanter way would be to give her a brother. I cannot expect this of you, Mrs. Stone."

"A son of your own, my lord?" said the lady, with an arch grin.

"Why not, madam? I know of no physical impossibility."

"Nor I of any physical probability. But your lordship may have a son for all that, if you marry prudently. May I be permitted to ask if your lordship has fixed upon the lady?"

"Miss Fluart."

"Miss Fluart!" echoed Mrs. Stone. But the air and tone with which she said them is not for my pen to describe.

"Miss

"Miss Fluart!" she repeated after a pause.

"What is there incongruous in this?" his lordship asked.

"Oh nothing, nothing! the congruity will be prodigious. Ages so near; tempers so alike; the lady so willing to make the most of her charms. O yes! you will have a son."

"When you are in a humour to make black white, and a devil of an angel, madam, I know no person with finer powers; but at present I beg you will not put them to the proof."

"I must, however, take the liberty to tell your lordship that this affair is as dishonourable with respect to me, as it is ridiculous with regard to yourself; and take my word for it, my lord, the repentance will be bitter."

With this prophecy Mrs. Stone flew out of the apartment.

